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The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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THE MARCH TO THE TOP OF THE WORLD

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CUP OF THE LAST SUPPER

HAS IT BEEN FOUND?

Story of the Wonderful Chalice of Antioch

THE QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAIL

By Our Art Correspondent

Jesus took the cup, and when He had given thanks, He gave it to them; and they all drank of it. St. Mark

The year 1924 will be remembered for many reasons, chief among them the Empire Exhibition at Wembley, the opening of part of Liverpool Cathedral, and the Antioch Chalice.

The Antioch Chalice is a silver vase, about seven and a half inches deep, and it has set many wise heads thinking all over the world since Dr. Eisen allowed anyone to know anything about it. Dr. Eisen is an American archaeologist, and this is his story.

The Underground Chambers

About fourteen years ago some Arab workmen were digging at Antioch, the city which was the birthplace of the name Christian. They came on the ruins of underground chambers, and in them, embedded in soil and badly crusted with oxide, were some interesting silver objects. These men were digging on the site where we believe was once a very early church, long ago ruined, and its traces lost.

Among the things found were two silver vessels of the kind used in the Christian Sacrament. After some time and many adventures, these vessels found their way to New York, and in 1915 Dr. Eisen set to work finding all he could about the older of the two. As soon as the oxidation was removed, Dr. Eisen saw at once that here was something of very beautiful workmanship and, moreover, of a most fascinating historic interest. He saw that the chalice was carved all over with foliage of the vine, and had twelve figures set among the branches.

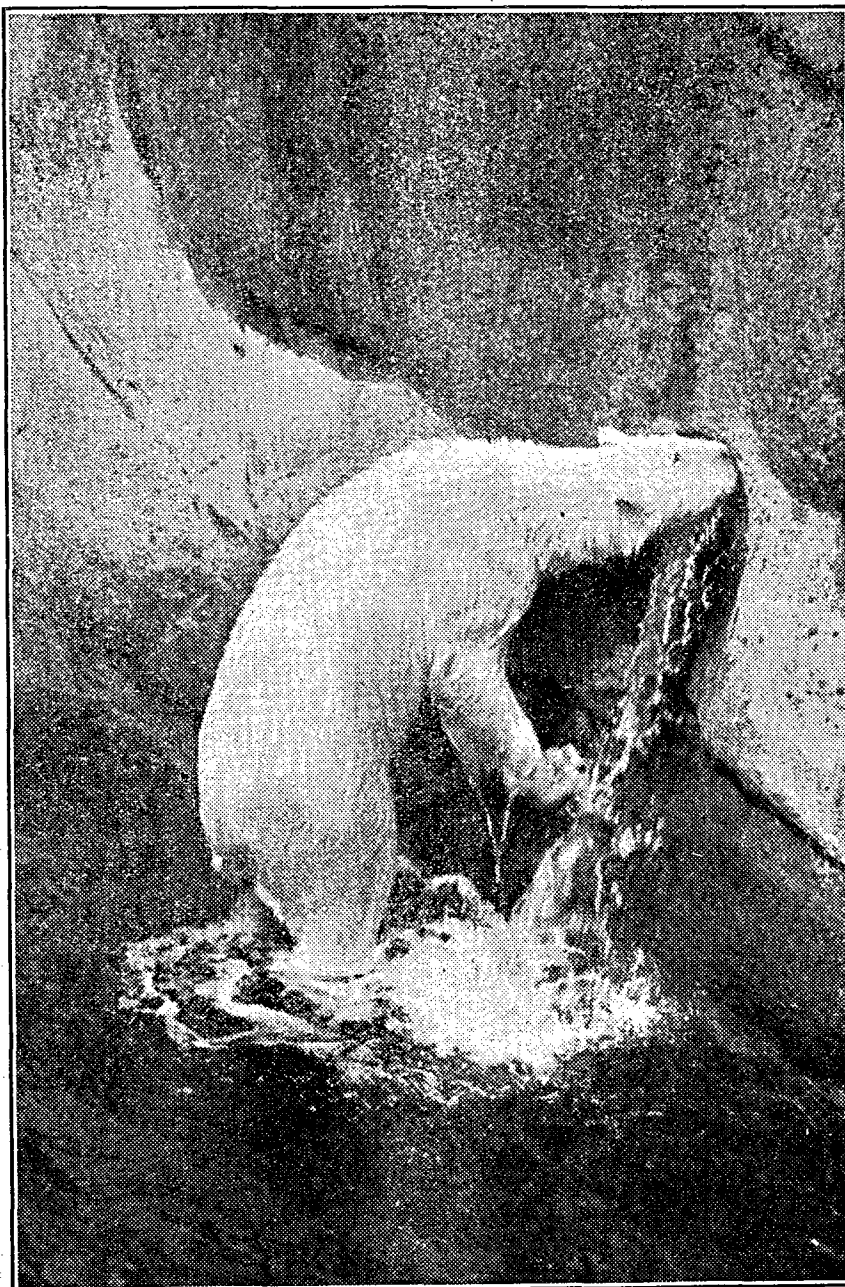
The Plain Silver Cup

These figures, Dr. Eisen says, represent Christ and the Apostles, and he claims that, as the work apparently belongs to the first century, it is probable that they are portrait studies. Also, the heads themselves look as if they were portraits, and not just twelve heads.

To lovers of romance and the beautiful in imagination and art, the most interesting thing about the Chalice is that it contains a very simple inner cup, for the adorning and glorification of which the chalice was so beautifully carved. *Is this plain silver cup, asks Dr. Eisen, likely to be the actual cup of the Last Supper, the Holy Grail itself?*

As Antioch became the centre of the Christian Church after the Fall of Jerusalem, it is quite possible that the cup of the Last Supper would be treasured there

A Drink at the Zoo



The polar bear at the London Zoo has found the warm weather rather trying and has been spending most of his time in the water. Here we see him taking a drink as the water pours out of the rocky side of his home

by the early Christians. We have read of the Holy Grail in the legends of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, some of which Tennyson so beautifully re-wrote in verse, and we know that the Holy Grail was vouchsafed, in a vision, to those who were pure in heart.

When we remember that Dr. Eisen has spent nine years finding out all there was to be found about the chalice, digging in fields of remote history, of whose bare existence most of the world is ignorant, we cannot but realise that here is something of amazing and exceptional interest.

Dr. Eisen has written a book about it in two magnificent folio volumes which are sold for £35 by Mr. Healey, at the Redfern Gallery, in Old Bond Street. If you cannot spare £35, we know Mr. Healey will let you peep at the book and

the photographs and charge you nothing for going into the gallery or for the peep. The book is to remain on view until July 19. The chalice itself is in safe keeping in America.

THIS QUEER WORLD The Odd Things that Happen

Two odd things have lately happened at sea which must make an appeal even to a dull imagination.

One was a collision between an aeroplane and a steamer; the other was a curious case of damage to an aeroplane rising over the Dorset coast. The damage was first seen from land and was notified to the pilot in the sky by a wireless message! The pilot was instructed to make for the sea and land in shallow water, which he did, being picked up by a rowing boat.

SEEING SOUNDS A DOCTOR'S WONDER BOX

How Light May Come to the Aid of the Deaf

THE MIRRORS ON THE REEDS

A little instrument was shown to the Royal Society by its inventor, Dr. Fournier d'Albe, which will some day enable us to see the words we speak.

No one will be astonished at that. Musical sounds or words transferred as sound waves into a microphone or telephone are converted into electro-magnetic waves in order to travel through space as wireless, and are afterwards turned back into sound waves again. And, when we remember that light-waves are also electro-magnetic waves, it seems quite feasible to interchange these with sound waves.

Marvel of Ingenuity

But it is not so easy as it sounds, because the electro-magnetic waves which are light are very different in size from those wireless electro-magnetic waves which carry messages. Consequently, Dr. Fournier d'Albe has had to travel by a very different route; and his little box of tricks is a perfect marvel of ingenuity.

It is, in truth, a box; and it contains twenty other little boxes, which are sound boxes, each containing a little reed made of mica. All the reeds are of different sizes, and are so tuned that each reed vibrates when a particular tone is sounded, but will vibrate to no other tone.

On each reed is fixed a tiny mirror, which catches light thrown on to it and reflects it back on to a ground glass screen. Sound a tone which belongs to any particular reed and its mirror image will begin to dance on the screen. But any other tone, however loud, will leave that particular reed unmoved and its image still.

Splitting Up the Sounds

So if a sound is made which consists of two or three tones, or a number of tones—as many sounds and all spoken words do—there will just be as many dancing images on the screen as there are tones, and no more. Thus scientific men will be able to analyse, or split up, the sounds of speech into their proper parts; and that is the scientific value of the invention.

But such an invention never stands still. The little wonder box of Dr. Fournier d'Albe is as yet a scientific plaything, and at present it is capable of dealing with no more than the notes of a single octave.

Some day it will be improved to take in all the sounds which all sorts of people make when they talk. Their words will dance in patterns on the screen, and then someone will translate those patterns into figures that even deaf people will be able to read.

MERRIE ENGLAND'S SONGS

THE MAN WHO RESCUED THEM

Cecil Sharp and His Great Work for Schools

A NOBLE WORK WELL DONE

With very great regret we have to record the passing-on of Cecil Sharp, the man who brought again to life the dwindling songs and neglected dances of Merrie England.

There must be millions of people in this country who have been indebted to his vigorous and enthusiastic life, though they may not be aware of it. They were too young to know who gave them the joy they felt when school became to them as jolly as play. But, perhaps more than anybody else, it was Cecil Sharp who did it.

Reviving the Interest in Music

Undoubtedly rural England was brighter than it is today in the centuries when every district had its songs, and when the people of each countryside were as proud of the graceful dances that had been evolved in their own locality as the peasants of, say, Bavaria are still proud of their dances. But they were nearly all forgotten.

Then Cecil Sharp, who, after an education at Uppingham and Cambridge, had held an official position in South Australia, and had made music his work and hobby, returned home and took up as his mission the reviving of a national interest in the old English music that had been nearest to the hearts of the people as a whole.

Collecting the Old Airs

Others were already doing something to preserve the methods of expressing joy that had appealed to our forefathers, but were fast waning towards extinction. Scotland, Ireland, and Wales were then far before England in preserving their old songs and airs. England only was careless of what was thought old-fashioned.

One thing was wanted to cure us of this fault, an enthusiast who would tirelessly insist on the charm of the old music and give us the chance of hearing it again.

Cecil Sharp was he. He was not only greatly in earnest but he was wise and shrewd in his methods of giving the old a new life. He travelled all over the country collecting the old lilting airs that were native to each part, and published them so that anyone anywhere could make a choice from what had been local. Later he added to the music the dances that were their accompaniment wherever a village green had its maypole.

The Joy of Rural England

The people of England were unaware of what was going on. Nowadays the enthusiast rarely captures the people as a crowd. He does it slowly and gently. The old music and dancing came back through the children, especially through the small children—the infant schools, where dancing is as natural as skipping about is to lambs in the meadow. School inspectors smiled on the old music. Training colleges for teachers taught it. Teachers knew the advantage of joyful exercise. The children loved the graceful dances and the tuneful old songs, and so the music and natural joy of rural England came back to this generation.

It was Cecil Sharp who nursed the revival into a lasting activity. He has left us now at the age of 65, and the world sings his praise; but his real monument is in the thousands of schools that have been brightened by his life-work, and in the memory of those songs that will persist in the fathers and mothers of new generations.

NEW STEPS TO PEACE

A WORD TO GERMANY

What was Arranged by the Premiers at Chequers

GERMANY MUST DISARM

The long-heralded talk at Chequers between Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and M. Herriot appears likely to lead to increasing friendliness and hope of a general settlement in Europe.

To begin with, a letter signed by both of them was written on the spot, warning the German Chancellor that any hesitation on the part of Germany in submitting the progress of disarmament to the inspection of the Allies would throw unnecessary difficulties in the way of the peace we all want to see.

The letter promised that as soon as the Allied Commission was satisfied that disarmament was proceeding as it should the Allies would gladly hand over further control to the League of Nations, a step which the German Government has already pressed on them.

If Germany honestly intends to carry out the Treaty of Versailles in this manner she will be glad of the opportunity to prove it. When we are honest it is generally easy to convince people of the fact; it is only when we pretend that it is difficult. There has been some pretence in the past, and that is why it is so important for the future peace of Europe that Germany should place her bona fides beyond dispute.

Security for France

Happily there is every sign that the old militarist party in the German Army, which has hitherto obstructed inspection, has had to submit to a definite determination on the part of the Government to meet the Allies in the proper spirit.

But action at Chequers did not stop at this letter. The policy there drawn up has been confirmed in the subsequent discussion between M. Herriot and the Belgian Premier at Brussels, who, it will be remembered, had previously seen Signor Mussolini, the Prime Minister of Italy. A full conference of the Allies has been summoned for July 16, when it is hoped to make all arrangements for the prompt coming into force of the whole Reparations scheme.

The question of security for France was discussed, but the actual decision will come later. Meanwhile, a settlement with Germany and her admission to the League of Nations will be two big steps toward security, for France and for everyone else.

With Germany in the League, there will be a chance of all-round defensive pacts, with no appearance of distinguishing between "allies and enemies."

GOING DOWN WITH HIS SHIP

A Tragic Tradition of the Sea

It is an ancient and rather heartless tradition of the sea that in case of disaster a captain must go down with his ship.

One is glad, therefore, of the story of the survivors of the wrecked steamer Clan MacMillan, who, as they left the ship, led by their chief officer, seized Captain Mackinnon and forcibly put him in a lifeboat and pushed off.

That the captain should be the last to leave a doomed ship is fitting enough, and that, of course, may mean submersion, though not necessarily drowning. No doubt, too, he should stay with her while there is hope of her survival. But when all hope is gone, and all others are afloat in the boats, it is surely a purposeless waste of a valuable life for him to remain. Many men must have gone down feeling that this is so, yet bound to remain by the iron bands of tradition. Let these bands be broken.

ITALY DISTURBED

Mussolini's Stern Resolve

A CRIME AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

Italy has been greatly disturbed by the tragic fate of one of its well-known politicians, Signor Matteotti, who was secretary of the Italian Socialist party, and is said to have been killed by conspirators belonging to the Fascist party, which supports the Government.

All friends of Italy (and all English-speaking people are friends of Italy) are glad to see the spirit in which Signor Mussolini is dealing with this terrible crime, which illustrates the danger of substituting force for law.

Signor Mussolini made a long speech in the Senate, in which he gave assurance that those responsible for the crime would be punished, however high their position in the counsels of the Fascist party or of the country.

Men who appeared to have been his own trusted lieutenants have already been arrested; others almost as highly placed have fled the country. Men accused of the actual kidnapping and assassination have made confessions showing that the motive of the crime was the prevention of inconvenient revelations regarding corrupt and illegal activities of high Fascist officials.

A Big Task

No one questions Signor Mussolini's personal integrity. It is true, no doubt, as he says, that "all risings and big social movements throw together the good and the bad, the honest man and the rogue, men violent through fanaticism or cupidity, idealists and parasites," and that "the selection of individuals according to their capabilities and their probity, difficult in normal times, is much more difficult in abnormal times."

But in a movement that is to survive and command respect and assent the good men must discover and expel the bad men in reasonable time. This is the task Signor Mussolini has now undertaken, and all friends of Italy will wish him success.

FLYING UPSIDE DOWN

The Wonderful Things Our Airmen Do

R.A.F. PAGEANT

The Royal Air Force Pageant at Hendon the other day was a striking example of the wonderful progress of aviation, and at the same time excellent propaganda in the cause of Peace.

Little more than ten years ago, before the Great Shadow fell over Europe, flying was considered a great adventure, and the few men who took their flimsy craft into the air were looked upon as heroes; but nowadays, as was brought home to many people at Hendon, aeroplanes are solidly built; and many of the later types appear as formidable as battleships.

It was shown at the Hendon pageant that the most amazing strains and stresses can be taken with safety in the air, and that aeroplanes can be flown in almost any position. One of the most thrilling sights was when five Sopwith Snipes, flying in perfect formation, suddenly turned on to their backs and continued flying upside down.

Each year the pilots of the Royal Air Force hold this wonderful pageant, and show the remarkable skill with which aeroplanes can be handled and the terror they can create. The pageant is held in aid of the R.A.F. Memorial Fund, which commemorates the work of the Flying Services during the war. A permanent memorial has been erected in London, but the finest part of the memorial is the work being done in educating the children of those brave men who fell in the war, and also in relieving distress among their dependants and others. The address of the Fund is 7, Idlesleigh House, Caxton Street, Westminster, S.W. 1.

TOWNS MOWED DOWN LIKE GRASS

Scenes in a Terrible Tornado

WALLS BURST BY A VACUUM

A terrible tornado has swept along the southern shore of Lake Erie and mowed down towns and villages as a scythe mows grass.

Houses, factories, and other buildings were laid in ruins in a moment or two, and the damage done is estimated at anything between five and ten million pounds. The busy manufacturing town of Lorain, with about 50,000 inhabitants, caught the full force of the tornado, and the State theatre, which was crowded with people, collapsed before the fury of the wind, about a hundred being killed there. Not only were people buried beneath the wreckage, but they were in great danger of being drowned, for the water poured down in sheets and rushed through the streets like a river.

The tornado began with a huge waterspout over Lake Erie, and the storm then rushed towards Cleveland, Ohio, ripping a path 15 miles wide through towns, woods, and fields. Everything in the way went down like a pack of cards. Fortunately the tornado had spent its force before it actually struck Cleveland, or the death roll and damage would have been enormous.

Town Like a Battlefield

A big ferry boat on Lake Erie, loaded with motor-cars and passengers, was hurled over and a number of people drowned. The railway tracks for miles were torn up or otherwise damaged, and telegraph and telephone wires destroyed.

A party of motorists just outside the area of the storm saw houses toppling over, roofs flying through the air, and trees cut down. Some houses had their walls blown out owing to the formation of a vacuum outside. The track of the tornado has been described as like a battlefield in the devastated area of Franc.

Help was quickly carried to the stricken areas, and the work of rescue began without delay, but the completeness of the disaster rendered it very difficult to get at the people buried beneath the wreckage. The full death roll will probably never be known, but it is estimated at about three hundred.

MOTHER'S DAY

A Mother of 95 at Wordsworth's Church

We are delighted to hear from several of our readers that our account of "Mother's Sunday" in America has led to a similar service being established in various places with most gratifying successes. A Glasgow correspondent tells us that Queen's Park United Free Church is to make Mother's Sunday an annual event.

A Lakeland correspondent gives us a delightful account of a similar movement carried on at Hawkshead Church, where Wordsworth worshipped for some years as a young man.

At the services the vicar (Canon Irving) makes Mother and Home the predominant notes. The Mothering Hymn is sung on Mothering Sunday. The children are encouraged to save their pennies to buy a present for mother.

The vicar's mother, by the way, was this year the oldest mother in the district. She was 95. A large cake was made for her and every child who went up to the vicarage had a piece. The next Sunday the dear old lady passed peacefully away.

Is it not a story that makes us all feel one family.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Capricornus . . .	Kap-re-korn-us
Copernicus . . .	Ko-per-ne-kus
Dietetics . . .	Di-e-tet-iks
Ptolemaic . . .	Tol-e-ma-ik
Ruwenzori . . .	Roo-wen-zo-re
Scarpines . . .	Skar-pinz

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WHAT A LITTLE NATION CAN DO MILITARISM OUT OF THE WAY

A Viking Talks About the Happiness of Norway
BIG COUNTRIES, PLEASE NOTE

There walked into our room the other day a young man so English-looking, and so easy in his use of the English language, that it was difficult to realise that he came from over the seas and was a leading politician in a foreign country.

This gentleman has Viking blood in his veins, lives in Norway, and is gratefully proud of the part played by Scandinavians in the civilisation of the world. We hailed him as a cousin, and never felt more at home with any man from any other country in the world.

The Glitter at Night

He told us many things we ought to know. Norway is apparently a good way ahead of most nations in social reform. Education is free right up to the university, and the health of all the children in the land is a matter of State concern. The other day a child of our friend was taken ill at school. He was removed instantly to a hospital, one of the best anaesthetists in the country administered ether, one of the best surgeons performed an operation, and when the child left the convalescent ward of the hospital, the bill sent to the father amounted to five shillings.

The whole country, of course, glitters at night like the Milky Way, so powerful and so cheap is the supply of electric light. The cities are clean and self-respecting. The theatres are crowded with a well-educated democracy. The newspapers are altogether superior to the sensationalism so popular elsewhere.

Our friend told us that, in spite of all these happy conditions, there are Communists in Norway, paid by their neighbour Russia to wreck the prosperity of the State.

A Healthy Population

"But we are largely a nation of farmers," he said; "and our farmers are not only sensible people, but religious. They will have nothing to do with the atheism of the Bolsheviks, and they are calling upon our Government to stamp out this Communist propaganda."

When he had done telling us about the many excellent conditions in Norway, making us very envious at the thought of our terrible slums, we asked how little Norway could afford to pay for all these wonderful luxuries in social reform.

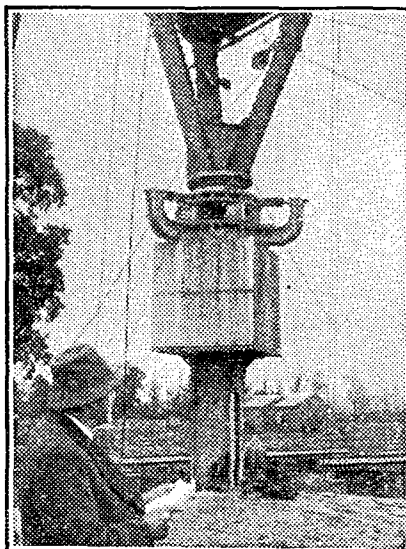
"Ah," he exclaimed with a smile, "we do not waste our substance on a big army, and a strong navy. If we were a military nation there would be no worse schools in Europe than ours, for we are a small people and a poor nation. But we content ourselves with a tiny army, and a navy that can hardly be said to exist, so that we have the healthiest population in Europe, and a democracy better educated, I am sure, than you will find elsewhere."

Improving the Mind

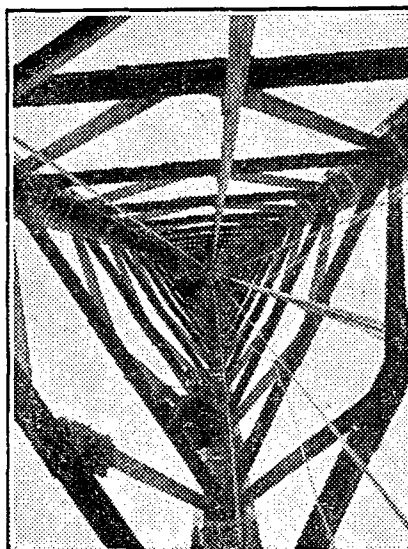
He went on to tell us that Norwegian people do not talk about wars and dream of conquest, but think chiefly of improving their minds by education. They have great respect for scholars. Every father wants his child to go to a university. It would surprise English people, he said, to see the number of English books in working-class homes.

Do not think of Norway as unexposed to foreign dangers. Her coast marches at a vital point with that of Russia. Yet her rulers are content to keep militarism down to the lowest point, placing all their confidence in the trained and steady minds of their common people. It is a good lesson for all of us. It is a straw blowing in the direction of a League of Nations.

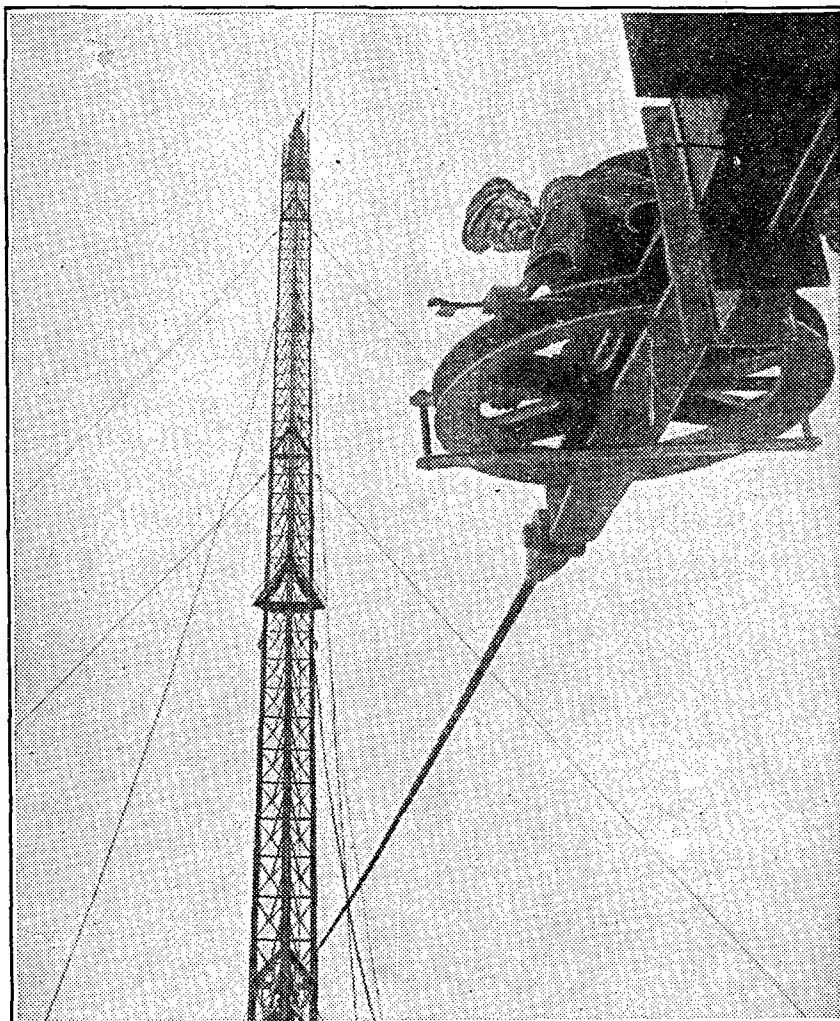
THE RADIO GIANT OF RUGBY



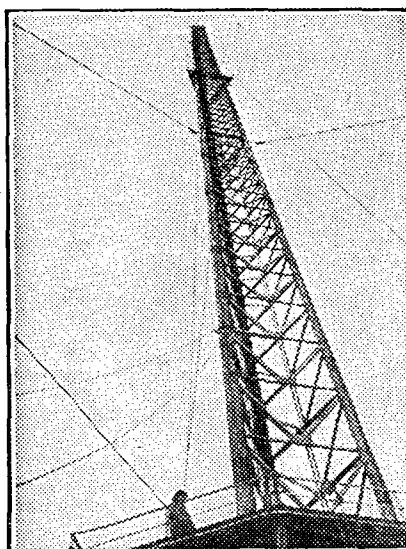
The great insulating block and pivot at the base of a mast



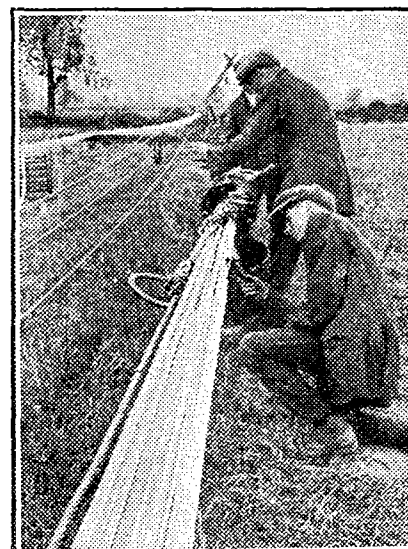
Lock'ng up the inside of one of the big masts



A man at work on one of the stays holding a mast in position



Looking up the outside of a giant mast



Binding a hundred wires together to form a stay

The biggest wireless masts in the world, making a giant arial about a mile and a half long, are now being erected by the G.P.O. at Rugby. Sixteen are to be set up and two are already completed. Each weighs 140 tons and rises 820 feet into the air, more than twice as high as St. Paul's Cathedral

TOY BALLOONS TO FIGHT AN INSECT

The Campaign Against the Gipsy Moth

THE PEST THAT ESCAPED FROM A ROOM

The gipsy moth is one of the greatest pests America has, and she is now trying to fight it by means of toy balloons.

A native of Europe, the moth was introduced into America in 1869 by a French scientist carrying out experiments in silk production. Some of the caterpillars escaped from his laboratory into a neighbouring woodland, and the moth spread unheeded until, after twenty years, it had become such a pest that Massachusetts had to organise a campaign for its extermination.

By 1900 the moth seemed to have disappeared from so many districts and the damage done was so slight that the money grants were stopped; but by 1905 the damage done by it was so enormous that State action again became necessary, and £250,000 is now spent every year in fighting the pest.

Moth that Cannot Fly

Although the gipsy moth is a winged pest, it does not spread by using its wings. The female, indeed, has such a heavy body that it is quite unable to fly, and for years it was thought that it spread chiefly by the young caterpillars falling from trees on passing vehicles and being carried from place to place in that way.

Further research, however, has shown that while the gipsy moth does travel in the caterpillar stage, it does so by purely natural means. The caterpillars have long hairs growing out of their bodies, and they also spin fine silk threads. The hairs and the silk being caught by the wind, the caterpillar is buoyed up and carried over considerable distances, sometimes for five miles.

Blown 400 Miles

In this way the pest is spread to ever new areas, and it is with a view of studying the directions in which the pest is likely to spread that the toy balloons are used.

Last year 7000 balloons, filled with hydrogen, were sent up from northern Connecticut, each bearing a numbered tag requesting the finder to return it with a record of the time and place of its descent. At the end of the season over 400 tags had been received.

One balloon was blown 400 miles to Yarmouth Cape, in Nova Scotia, in 13 hours; and another, after remaining in the air six hours, dropped on the spot from which it had been sent up.

PAYING HIS WAY

An Orphan Sets a Fine Example

The repayment by a successful business man of the whole cost of his school life in Spurgeon's Stockwell Orphanage stands out as an inviting example of gratitude with honour.

In making the payment of £200 Mr. William Martindale wrote:

It is with deep feeling, and the best thanks one can express in writing, that the grandest day in my life has arrived, which enables me with great pleasure and joy to hand you a cheque to cover the whole cost of my happy schooldays at Stockwell Orphanage.

In reply, the Secretary said, "What a splendid spirit of gratitude you display! You have made a record among all scholars."

That this voluntary repayment is fine as well as honourable all who hear of it will agree, but, being so fine and honourable, is it not strange that it should stand alone? Mr. Martindale has set an example to every orphan everywhere, and it should be a point of honour to follow it.

WHO IS TO PAY? THE PROBLEM OF THE FENS

A Little Bit of Our Island that
May be Lost

MAKING A WAY FOR THE RAIN

A very difficult problem has arisen in connection with the Fen district, and there is some danger that this part of England, reclaimed from the sea by great industry and enterprise and at great cost, may be lost once again.

The Fens form an area of several thousand square miles, and centuries ago were entirely abandoned to the waters, forming an immense estuary into which five rivers discharged the rainfall of the central counties of England. This district was an inland sea in winter and an unhealthy swamp in summer.

Then came the early pioneers, mostly monks, and began to drain the Fens; later these were followed by the great Dutch engineer Cornelius Vermuyden, who, in the face of the most vigorous and bitter opposition, rescued the land from the sea and added a big slice of rich and fertile country to England.

Flooding the Farms

The opposition came from the poor and ignorant people who eked out a bare existence in the shallow swamps by catching fish and snaring waterfowl.

After the first stage of the drainage had been carried out the works were neglected, and a series of destructive floods swept over the farms and homesteads, washing away large numbers of the inhabitants with their cattle. The works were repaired and extended, and for years all went well. But now they have again fallen into disrepair, particularly since the Great War, and it is to prevent a repetition of what happened in the seventeenth century that proposals are being made to spend several hundreds of thousands of pounds, raised by a rate levied throughout the watershed of the River Ouse, to put the Fens out of reach of danger by inundation.

Three Points of View

Everyone agrees that the work is necessary, but there is by no means agreement as to who should pay. The uplanders of Bedfordshire say they are not responsible for the rainfall, and that whatever may be done they will reap no benefit, and therefore they should not be called on to bear any part of the cost.

The Fenmen say that it is the waters from the uplands that threaten their farms and cause all the trouble, and that the cost of the necessary works is so great that it is impossible for them alone to bear it. The uplanders do not dispute this, but say that if help is needed it should come from the National Exchequer.

But a third group opposes this on the ground that the drainage of the Fens and the control of the Ouse watershed is purely a local matter. It may benefit the nation, but only in the same way as the prosperity and development of any other local area does. The Government has, however, decided to give some financial assistance provided, the Ouse Drainage Board accepts responsibility for expenditure not covered by the State grant.

Peril of the Dykes

All three parties can make out a very good case, and it is extremely difficult to settle the matter in a way that shall be thoroughly just and fair. According to law at the present time a rate for the Fen drainage is levied on owners of land throughout the course of the Ouse, but some of these are refusing to pay the rate and their goods are being taken and sold by the authorities.

An inquiry has been held at Cambridge by the Ministry of Agriculture, when all sides were heard; and possibly, when the Commissioners make their recommendations, Parliament may pass a new law deciding definitely what is to be done.

Meanwhile, there is danger that, should a very wet season come some of the dykes may burst.

WHAT A LABOURER DID

The Potato King of
Lincolnshire

A GOOD LIFE-WORK

The son of a family who were great landowners centuries before the Norman Conquest, but who himself began life as an agricultural labourer, has just died at Kirton, in Lincolnshire, full of years and honours, and proprietor of 20,000 acres of—potatoes!

He was William Dennis, born in 1841 in a labourer's cottage, to which lowly estate his family had been reduced, like so many others of yeoman stock, for three generations past. He had nothing but a village school education—if education it could be called in those times—and he grew up in the worst days of agricultural depression.

Yet out of a wage of 12 shillings a week he acquired three acres of land—and planted it with potatoes. What it was that told him that potatoes and not wheat were the right crop for the land of South Lincolnshire, and how he hit upon the seed that would grow best there, history does not record. But he did it, and in doing it he redeemed a countryside. He doubled the yield of an acre, and, adding plot to plot, he had at last 20,000 acres of his own.

He was generous and kind-hearted, and his workers loved him. He established a system of co-partnership with them. He supplied all the potatoes for King Edward's Coronation dinner to the poor. He built a chapel and town hall for Kirton.

His son became a Member of Parliament and was Potato Controller during the war.

AN ASTONISHING BRIDGE

Arches of Six Hundred Feet

One of the most amazing bridges in the world is under construction in France, across the River Elorn.

It is of reinforced concrete, and the remarkable feature of the bridge is its great arches of nearly 600 feet span, so that a man would be able to walk 200 full paces from one pier to another. A certain beauty is associated with its great strength.

It is suggested that such a bridge might be used to cross our own Menai Straits into Anglesey in place of the existing bridge, which has become unsafe. As the width in this case is 550 feet, it seems a reinforced concrete arch could cross the Straits in a single span!

The adherence of concrete to iron, and the fact that these two things expand and contract equally, is one of the happy facts about these materials of which the world is taking an increasing advantage.

As we know, concrete is used for most of the Wembley buildings, and some people think it will certainly be the chief building material of the future.

A CHIP FROM THE OLD BLOCK

Tale of a Village Pond

A three-year-old lassie fell into the village pond at Waddington, Lincolnshire, where the water quickens deeply from the edge of the pond to six feet.

With her was a little chap, aged five, named Harry Nixon. Most little men of that age would have run away to tell somebody else what had happened.

Not so Harry Nixon; he got hold of the lassie's frock, and tugged away at it till he dragged her out, and took her home to have her clothes dried.

Harry's only pride in the matter was that he had done it and only got his trousers wet. But his friends are prouder, for they remember that his father has saved fourteen lives, and Harry has begun so early that he has a good chance to beat the family record.

THE MAGIC CARPET

Across America in a Day

FLYING MAN STEALS THE SUNSHINE

An American airman has done an amazing thing. He has breakfasted in New York at dawn, travelled right across the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific by daylight, and then eaten his supper in San Francisco on the same day before darkness fell.

To have suggested only ten years ago that such a thing was possible would have seemed like madness, and half a century ago such a scheme would have appeared as impossibly romantic as a journey on the magic carpet of the Arabian Nights.

Lieutenant Russell Maughan left New York at a minute to four o'clock in the morning by New York time, and after crossing 2670 miles he landed in San Francisco at 9.44 at night, by San Francisco time.

The total time occupied by the lieutenant was 21 hours 45 minutes, for, flying westward with the Sun—the Sun's fellow-traveller, like Drake—he gained three hours of daylight, so that his available time of daylight was six hours longer than it would have been had he flown eastward from San Francisco to New York. The airman stopped five times to take in fresh fuel.

This is one of the outstanding feats in the history of flying. See *World Map*

SHAKESPEARE ON THE VILLAGE GREEN

The Actor and His Caravan

A pupil of Sir Frank Benson, Mr. F. R. Growcott, wants to "take a little more colour and brightness into the villages," and he thinks that cannot be better done than by taking Shakespeare there.

So he is setting out, gaily dressed as Petruchio, driving a wheeled house of his own building to represent the room in which Shakespeare was born. At each village green he comes to he gives a Shakespeare recital.

The house is drawn by his horse Hamlet, and with it or in it will be Juliet, a goat; Puck, a cat; and Sir Toby, a dog.

When other acting friends join him they will be driving models of Ann Hathaway's cottage, the old Globe Theatre, the Falcon Inn, and Stratford-on-Avon Grammar School.

Mr. Growcott hopes to tour all Sussex and the neighbouring counties, and to finish up in Hyde Park. Good luck to him!

FROM SCOTT'S TENT

Relics for the British Museum

The British Museum is to receive for exhibition a set of 50 framed enlargements of the splendid photographs taken by Mr. Herbert Ponting during Captain Scott's search for the South Pole.

More interesting still, it is to receive six photographic negatives found by Scott's body, and presumably exposed by him after he had left the main body of the expedition behind.

Scott and four companions reached the pole on January 18, 1912, only to find that Amundsen had been a month before him. All five of them died on the return journey before they could reach the camp and food supplies set up for them.

But his records were found by his side, and with them these six negatives, which any of us will soon be able to see when we visit the British Museum. It will be a moving thing to be looking on something that lay beside Scott as he died in his tent.

THE OLD MAN HAPPY

GABRIEL FAURÉ AND HIS MUSIC

France Keeps Another Eightieth
Birthday

A GOOD BAD MEMORY

By Our Paris Correspondent

The French have lately been celebrating the eightieth anniversaries of some famous men.

One of them is Gabriel Fauré. As with all rarely gifted artists, Fauré's calling has been apparent ever since he could make a difference between a noise and a song.

If you question this most venerated musician of France about his life, his childhood, his earliest impressions, you will find they are all connected with music. Nothing else seems to him to be worth mentioning.

The One Who Listened

"There was a harmonium in the little chapel of the Normal school students of Foix, where we lived," he says, "and, as my father was head of the school, I could quite nicely smuggle in there and enjoy my music for hours. So I used to steal away to the chapel whenever I got the chance."

But Fauré does not delude himself. He adds: "I played most badly, you know; without any method, without any technique. I played anything, anyhow, having never been taught. But I remember that it made me so happy!"

"And were you always alone there?" you ask him.

"Yes, nearly always. I say nearly because an old blind lady sometimes came and listened to me. She was the only one interested in my playing. I shall never forget her."

A Journey by Coach

It was that old lady who went to Gabriel Fauré's father and persuaded him that the child was remarkably gifted, and ought to be sent to a Paris school. Who knows if it is not to her that we owe Fauré's operas, Prometheus and Penelope, his fine church music, and those charming melodies of his that every mother and girl in France likes to sing?

"It being a three days' journey by coach from Foix to Paris," the master goes on, "the idea of sending me to the city was a suggestion of great extravagance to my father," but in the end it happened that when he was nine, Gabriel went by the Paris diligence.

Happy Years

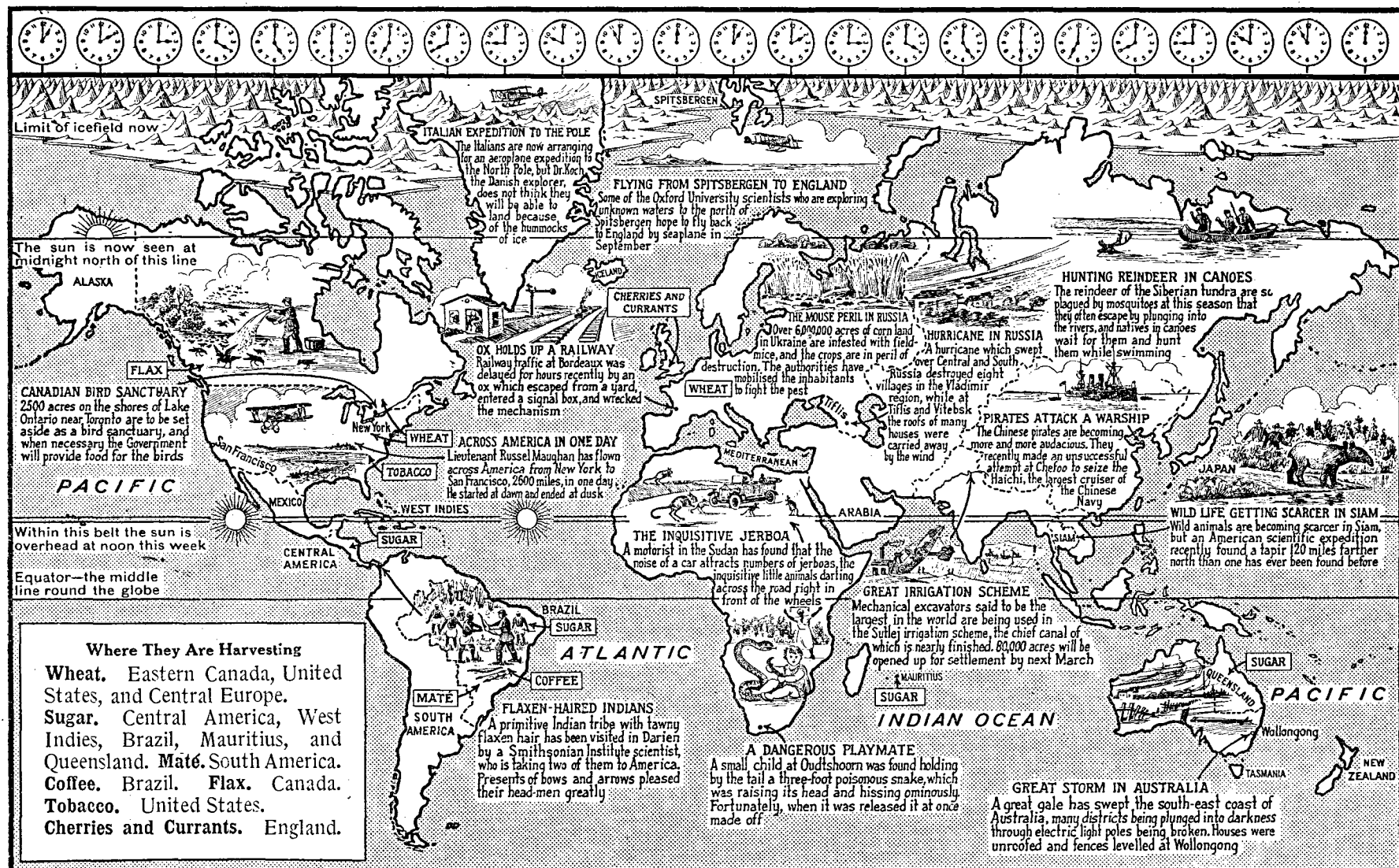
"The school to which I went," he continues, "taught Latin as well as music. I remained there for years. What happy years! My masters, Niedermeyer and Saint Saëns, were severe, but how kind!" Then, if you question him, he replies: "Studies? We did not get much time for games; but we had music. Discipline? Very strict. But it was for our good, was it not? Food? Not especially good. Poor Niedermeyer had not much money, you see; but he did his best, and I loved him. First of all, if it were thanks to my old blind friend that I came to Paris, it was thanks to Niedermeyer that I remained when my father came to fetch me back after a year. He simply said: 'I am keeping that boy,' and he kept me so long that, after having been a pupil, I became a teacher."

"What a good boy you must have been!"

"A good boy? Of course I was, and a happy one, too," answers Fauré, with a touch of pride.

And if you insist on asking the secret of his happiness, he will say: "It is because I have a poor memory, and remember only pleasant things!"

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING HARVESTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



MORE OLD AGE PENSIONS.

Parliament and Thrift

The Government has laid before Parliament proposals which will increase the Old Age Pensions of the great majority of the 63,000 people who are now entitled to less than the full 10s. a week, and will bring in some 160,000 others who now get nothing.

The age for pensions must still be 70, for lack of money to lower it, though some people now think that 65 would not be too young if the nation could afford it.

At present anybody getting 20s. a week from other sources gets no pension, and anybody getting more than 10s. from other sources only gets enough to bring this up to 20s. altogether. The new scheme provides that any income other than earnings shall not be counted in this calculation unless it exceeds 15s. a week.

Anybody receiving, say, 10s. from cottage property and 9s. from a friendly society gets only 1s. pension, and if the friendly society yields 10s. he gets nothing. Under the new proposals 15s. of that 19s. would not be counted, and as that would only leave 4s. he would get the whole 10s. pension. On the other hand, anyone earning 19s. a week would still only get a shilling. The idea is to encourage saving, whether by investment or by insurance subscriptions.

PILLAR OF FIRE

New Guide for Airmen

A new aircraft guide for night flying has just been installed on the route between London and Paris. It is at the Croydon Air Station, and is known as the Pillar of Fire.

The "pillar" consists of a steel structure placed on a chimney, and bearing rows of neon fog-piercing lights which give the vivid reddish light often seen on advertising signs. This has the effect of a brilliant tower of light, and can be seen from the air for a distance of many miles.

WHAT WILL BRING PEACE

The Love of Beautiful Things

No national art is truly native to its own soil, said the Prime Minister the other day at a picture gallery. We give these passages from his speech:

The artistic spirit must be international, and therefore, one of the inevitable corollaries of a love of art was a love of concord, a love of peace, a love of cooperation, a love of fellowship, and a love of all those virtues that proclaimed a common humanity rather than a divided humanity. A generation which had gone took the view that if we could only trade together we would love each other; and if we only had trade ledger balances against each other we would live in most harmonious co-operation. That was all nonsense.

Economic advantage would never bring peace. What would bring peace was a spiritual fellowship in the pursuit of knowledge, in the exploration of the extraordinary mysteries of life, and in the appreciation of literature, art, and all that was beautiful and satisfied the soul, and which turned the most conservative of them into pilgrims seeking for the ever remote but blessed ideal.

KRUGER, AGED 26

Pit Pony's Long Life Underground

One of the oldest pit ponies in England has been offered to the model colliery at Wembley.

He is called Kruger because he began his life underground at the time of the Boer War. That was about a quarter of a century ago. Although Kruger is 26 years old, he still retains his eyesight and vigour.

But we are glad to know that Kruger's work underground is to come to an end when the Exhibition closes. He is to be pensioned off by his owner, Sir Dennis Readett-Bayley, of Digby Colliery, and will spend the rest of his days in green fields.

THE DOCKER AND HIS

TROUBLES

Helping Him to Settle Them

When the last great dock strike was settled it was agreed to set up a joint committee of masters and men to consider how work conditions at the docks could be improved.

The committee, of which Sir Donald Maclean is the neutral chairman, was to recommend a system of registration of dock hands, and seek a method of ensuring them more regular work.

The committee has now issued a preliminary report on the question of registration. This, it says, should be applied to all ports. Only qualified men should be registered in the first instance, and the lists should be constantly revised so that only regular men are allowed to remain on.

The trouble has been that unskilled labour of every kind drifts to the docks, making nothing but trouble.

Once registration has been carried through on these lines, the question of regular employment will tend to solve itself. It is to be hoped, however, that the committee will produce a scheme by which the men really required for the industry will be guaranteed a minimum week's wage.

THE GERMAN FLEET

In a Jungle of Seaweed

The German fleet, which was to have startled the world a few years ago, lies in a jungle of seaweed. The divers who went down to examine the ships at Scapa Flow had a remarkable experience.

To get to the doors and portholes of the vessels they had to hack their way through a jungle of seaweed with stalks as thick as a man's wrist and leaves 18 inches broad and 15 feet long.

The sides of the vessels were also thickly coated with barnacles, which had to be cut away with hatchets.

The divers saw no fish, and it is stated that none has been seen in the locality since the ships were scuttled in 1919.

RUSSIA'S JEWELS

Priceless Treasures Safe 250 MUSEUMS AND THEIR COLLECTIONS

A side of Russian life we are apt to forget has been brought to view by Sir Martin Conway, who has been touring the Russian museums.

The fifty museums of Russia before the war contained some of the most splendid art treasures of Europe, among them an unrivalled collection of jewellery from ancient Greece. Art lovers who have been anxious as to the fate of the Russian museums will be set at ease by Sir Martin Conway's report.

There are now at least 250 museums in Russia. Better still, the collections are being well cared for, and have suffered practically no harm. The priceless jewellery and plate of the Tsars are safe, as are also the Crown jewels.

Here are some almost forgotten wonders of Russian museums which can still be seen: A collection of 10,000 golden ornaments found in Southern Russia; the Orlov dinner service of 800 pieces, made for Catherine the Great; the wonderful service of china made by Wedgwood for the Tsar. The Treasury contains 75,000 pieces of plate. The same director is at the Great Hermitage Museum as in the days of the Tsar.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Queen Anne silver chandelier	£1292
A silver dinner service	£870
18th century Aubusson tapestry	£861
5 panels of Brussels tapestry	£861
Drawing by Copley Fielding	£409
William III silver coffee-pot	£409
Drawing by Birket Foster	£367
MS. of 17th century plays	£350
6 Queen Anne chairs	£325
A Chippendale armchair	£199
A porcelain Bow plate	£128
3 Worcester vases	£70

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 12

1924

The Dreams of Men

O world of now! O world of then!
Dear God, the dreams, the dreams of men!

The dream of Gilbert Scott is rising on a hill at Liverpool; the dream of Cecil Sharp is ringing through our land; the dream of George Leigh Mallory is stamped near the top of Everest.

A SUCCESSFUL man was asked the other day for his secret, and what he said was that when he was eight he had made up his mind what to be, and he never lost sight of it, but steered for it. "If you do not have such an aim," he said, "you must drift, and drifting means that you are not in charge of your own life."

Very few boys have enough judgment at eight to choose an object in life, though that boy had. The main thing was that he set an ideal before him, and in every way it braced him that he might attain it. Nothing gives such strength and joy as the pursuit of a worthy ideal that will not allow any drifting.

We wonder if that is felt by the boys and girls of today. Do they fancy that the most desirable thing one can do is to take things easily and enjoy oneself? If they do they are drifting.

Not so are men made. Men are made by their dreams.

Take these three men of whom many of us have been thinking lately. A stately cathedral is rising in Liverpool. Next to St. Peter's in Rome it is the most spacious church in Europe. It was the dream of a man who was hardly out of his boyhood. His design was accepted above a hundred others. For twenty years the architect has been working on it. For twenty more years he or someone else will be working on it. Think of all the concentration that must have shaped that noble pile in the mind of Gilbert Scott!

Then there is Cecil Sharp, now widely mourned. A quarter of a century ago the old English songs and dances on the village green, which once expressed the love of music and the natural joy of our people, were almost forgotten and lost. But in him they had a lover who could not rest until they were retrieved as a part of the nation's historic wealth; and they have been recalled from oblivion by his researches.

And that heroic dream of the conquest of the lonely summit of Everest—how indomitably has that been pursued to prove what men will dare! How like heroes Leigh Mallory and his comrade Irvine died at that great height!

We cannot all be Scotts and Sharps and Mallorys. But we can find and give the world the best that is in us by cherishing dreams of what we may do; and the sooner we have them the better. They will save us from drifting, and give us a place of our own in this splendid world of manly men and gracious women.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Something to be Proud Of

THE good that men can do without violence or force is clearly and splendidly seen in the case of Britain's handling of Nigeria.

Nigeria occupies as much space as Germany, Holland, Belgium, and two-thirds of France. Its population is more than the white population of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Newfoundland, and the Union of South Africa added together; and it is governed by English political officers who number one to 220,000 natives. The force at the disposal of this handful of officers is under 2500 men.

And these men have put down the slave trade, have stopped the hideous custom of murdering servants to attend their dead masters in the next world, and have made Nigeria a rich and happy country.

A New Cry in Old London

IN the streets of London, more particularly in the poorer districts, a new cry of London is now heard. It is "Carbolic! Carbolic!"

The man who cries it carries with him a big tin can in which is carbolic mixture, and he supplies it to the slums and the dwellers of the less sanitary streets and courts to wash down their drains. Moreover, he does a good business, for the poor people buy freely from him.

It does not sound a very savoury stock-in-trade; not so sweet-smelling as "Sweet lavender—sixteen sticks a penny!" or as refreshing as the cry of "Fine strawberries."

Yet it does show a great advance in sanitation that the poor people should be ready to buy it, and, when all is said, we may remember that Old London of the sweet-sounding street cries used to smell a great deal worse than the London of today.

The Good Turn That Went Wrong

A BOY SCOUT who was always doing good turns had not long ago a queer experience. He heard a splash in the river beside him and saw a fully-dressed man rising to the surface. Without a moment's hesitation he plunged to the rescue.

The man was evidently trying to swim, but with a few powerful strokes the Scout overtook him, seized him by the hair, and swam for the shore. People helped the man up the bank struggling and dripping, but instead of being grateful the man was abusive and would have struck the Scout if he had not been held back.

It turned out that the man was an excellent swimmer, and had started to swim a mile with all his clothes on, and his untimely rescue prevented him from doing it in the stipulated time.

Evidently, while we should always remember to do the right thing, we must make sure that it really is the right thing before we do it!

Then and Now

IT cost less than thirty thousand pounds to build Salisbury Cathedral six hundred years ago.

It is costing two million pounds to build Liverpool Cathedral today.

Tip-Cat

AN eye-specialist says uninteresting lessons affect the sight. They make the pupils cross.

THERE is not much that cannot be cured by laughter. So long as you do not die of it.

THE trade union movement is said to be too narrow. And it cannot be broadcast.

THERE are people who eat apple dumplings all the year round. They cannot get any square ones.

THE present generation is not taught, remarks a newspaper, how to look after old folks. Because it is rude to stare.

A BOY draughts expert has been found. Adult players are getting the wind up.

SOME motorists are said to drive while asleep. Usually only the wheels are tired.

AN admirer thinks Mr. Ramsay MacDonald should have been a poet. Then he might have found rhymes for his reverses.

THE camel can only live on his hump for a brief period. But as this gives him the hump, he is never without one.

JAM manufacturers are said to be having a poor time. They find life is not all jam.

SOME people can begin writing stories but cannot end them. Others have the same difficulty with speeches.

THE desire among the English to speak French is growing. English is such a difficult language.

ANYBODY can make small talk; but only those who know shorthand can write it.

A STICK of rhubarb pulled in Essex is nearly six feet long. They could not pull it any longer.

What He Left Behind

From the Headmaster of Charterhouse School, where George Leigh Mallory, who has died on Everest, was a master.

He has died in circumstances which appeal to the imagination of the whole world; but with us he has left memories of a dear friend, memories of clean strength and glorious endurance and high adventure, and a love of beauty and beautiful things, which is one form of the love of God.

The Way the Hero Dies

We feel constrained to give this famous poem by Browning, which will not leave the mind as we read of the death of the heroes of Everest, going up to the height in the full powers of life, and facing death in a place that no man knows.

FEAR death?—to feel the fog in my throat,

The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote

I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,

The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,

Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,

And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,

The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,

The best and the last!
I would hate that Death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,

And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers

The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears

Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,

The black minute's at end,
And the element's rage, the fiend-voices that rave,

Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace, then a joy,

Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

The Railway Boor

By a Fellow Traveller

THE world is full of kindness and civility; you can hardly make a journey without receiving proof of it from some fellow traveller or some railway servant.

But the Railway Boor still exists. He sits while old women stand. When someone gets in with a baby, he behaves as if babies were venomous reptiles who ought to travel in cattle trucks. He does not move his belongings from the seat to the rack till he is asked to make room for a newcomer, and then he does it indignantly. If someone hopes he doesn't object to having the window open he does. When he gets out he bangs luggage over your toes and against your newspaper. He never shuts the door.

We have just been reading that one of this species happened to travel in the same compartment with a famous preacher, and as he marched down the platform, parcel laden, the preacher called out, "Hi, sir, you've left something behind!"

The Railway Boor hastened back, and asked "What?"

The preacher replied, smiling gently, "A bad impression."

CLOSE TO THE TOP OF THE WORLD EVEREST SHOWS NO MERCY

Two Brave Men Fall Near the Highest Point on Earth

END OF A GREAT ADVENTURE

The most wonderful story of mountain climbing ever told is that sent to the Times by Lieut.-Col. Norton, the leader in the latest attempt to climb Mount Everest.

It is also one of the saddest of all such stories, for Everest remained unconquered, and two heroic men, George Leigh Mallory and A. C. Irvine, disappeared on the topmost shoulder of the mountain to an unknown death.

Beaten in Fair Fight

The story was dictated because the gallant leader came back completely snow blind from what it was hoped would be the final and victorious climb. His equally heroic companion, Dr. Somervell, returned scarcely breathing through an ulcerated throat. They reached 28,000 feet and then failed, "beaten in fair fight by the mountain and shortness of breath."

That frustrated attempt is described in thrilling detail, first by Norton to where the last, sternest part of the struggle began, and then by Somervell.

Norton tells how all but 15 of the Tibetan porters shirked the ascent beyond 23,000 feet, winning by their resolution the complimentary name of Tigers.

Before them rose Everest, clear cut under an azure sky; but his icy breath chilled the climbers to the marrow on a cloudless day. Only four of the porters were able to reach with their loads the fifth and last-but-one camp on the mountain side; only one was ready to go beyond that camp.

The Will to Conquer

But Norton and Somervell went on, and spent the night at a height of 27,000 feet. There they slept and found no difficulty in breathing. Hopefully they started in the morning to conquer the last 2000 feet. Somervell's account of what happened next is made vivid, almost to painfulness, by the stern, hard facts he gives.

At the height of 27,600 feet a sudden change was felt. Hitherto they had only needed to take *three or four breaths before they could make each step, but now they had to take seven or eight, and then ten breaths, before they had regained enough strength for a single step.* And yet they reached a height of 28,000 feet.

Then Somervell had, in his own words, "reached the limit of endurance," and he sat down and told Norton to go on to the summit if he could. For another hour Norton continued his breathless struggle, but had only risen an insignificant distance, and had to acknowledge his defeat.

Done to the World

The two men stumbled back down the mountain "done to the world," with their hearts beating 180 to the minute, and reached the camp where their friends were waiting in the darkness of night; while for the rest of the descent Norton had to be lowered by ropes, or by placing his feet in snow-cut steps, as he was for the time being wholly blind.

The attempt to conquer Everest without oxygen had failed. Would oxygen have given the climbers the victory? Before the defeated men had reached the camp, and while yet only the flicker of their electric torches could be seen above, the man in the party who "had been at it for three years" had determined that he would have another try. Norton gave his assent, and Irvine, a new member of the expedition, was chosen to be Mallory's companion because of the fine work he had already done, and because he was an expert with the

COULD RUMERSKIRCH HAVE STOPPED THE WAR?

COULD Baron Rumerskirch, Chamberlain to the Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand, have prevented the Great War?

The tenth anniversary of the Archduke's assassination gave rise to the statement in Vienna by a former member of the Serbian Legation that warning was sent from Belgrade of the danger of the royal visit to Sarajevo, and that if it had been heeded the murder, and therefore the war which followed it, would never have happened.

The now aged Prime Minister of Serbia, M. Pasitch, instructed the Serbian Minister at Vienna to induce the Archduke not to go. The Minister passed on the warning to the Chief Administrator of Bosnia, who communicated it

to the Baron. The Baron apparently warned his master, but with insufficient emphasis, or without revealing the serious origin of the message. The Archduke and his wife went to Sarajevo, no adequate steps were taken for their protection, and they were murdered.

The Serbian Government was held responsible, and the Austrian invasion followed. Russia responded by mobilisation in Serbia's defence. Germany sent an ultimatum to Russia to stop mobilising and then declared war. France supported Russia. Germany invaded Belgium to get at France, and Britain joined France in defence of Belgium.

It is like a nightmare version of the House that Jack Built. But who was Jack? Baron Rumerskirch?

THE POLICEMAN HOLDS UP THE BOAT



The policeman stops the curious boat in the street



The car-boat leaves the beach for a trip on the sea

Commander Joy, R.N., has instituted a boat on wheels at Bognor, which picks up visitors in the streets and then takes them to the beach and out to sea for a motor trip. Here we see the queer car-boat first in the street and then in the water

oxygen apparatus. Odell, Irvine's friend, accompanied them to where a view could be had of the point where Norton and Somervell had turned back.

The despatches descriptive of Norton's and Somervell's failure were being dictated and written while Mallory and Irvine were making the last assault on the monster, amid the intensest expectation. Odell had seen them reach the 28,000 feet limit of the other climbers' strength and breath, and he had been cheered by the fact that they were "going strong." And that is the story.

They had reached a point where all the world was below them except the one crowning summit. The rest is silence. They passed farther upward "going strong," and they never returned. Somewhere on its chilly sum-

mit Everest has them. Where and how, mankind in all likelihood will never know. The burial-place is like the burial-place of Moses. Where they lie no man knoweth.

They had seen the world from a height no other men have ever reached; they died near the top of the world. We expect no mercy from Everest, wrote Mallory, and no mercy did he get.

These heroic men dared all to test whether a man or a mountain is master. They knew they had staked their lives on the venture, and cheerfully they accepted the risk. They lost, but it is not all loss. The thought of such dauntless resolution braces the souls of men, everywhere and throughout all time, and the world's farewell to them, if it is very sad, is very proud.

WHY WE ARE IN THE SUDAN THE GREAT RACE WITH THE FLOOD

New Foundations for the Prosperity of the Nile Peoples

WHO SHALL RULE?

It is welcome news that the British Government will not make any arrangement by which the Sudan will be brought again under Egyptian rule without full discussion and decision by the British Parliament.

The interference by Egypt with the Sudan has been in the past a prolonged tragedy. British control has brought to that vast area peace and prosperity, with a prospect of continuous improvement. To bring this happy state about much British blood has been shed, and enterprises of great hopefulness have been started.

A Fair Chance of Progress

Everyone who knows the Sudan and Egypt knows that Egypt could neither preserve peace nor sustain prosperity there. The people of the two countries are not of the same blood, or the same spirit, and the general good of the Sudan and of the world demands that British supervision shall give that country a fair chance of progress.

What is being done to bring the Sudan into the circle of progressive regions that contribute to the universal economy of the world is illustrated by the great irrigation scheme which this summer is reaching stability on the Blue Nile.

A dam is being constructed by the famous Pearson engineering firm of Westminster, which is meant to hold up the flood waters of the Blue Nile, form a lake two miles wide and fifty miles long, and by means of a network of canals irrigate 300,000 acres of land that are now unproductive.

Harnessing the River

The dam, built of granite across the course of the Blue Nile, three miles from the town of Senaar, is 3300 yards long, and 19,000 men have been employed on it, working in feverish haste, during the last six months.

The reason for haste is because in July the river, swollen by the seasonal rains on the mountains of Abyssinia, sweeps down almost irresistibly, and the problem before the engineers this year was whether the dam would be sufficiently strong, when the floods reached their height, to resist the pressure.

Not till next year will the dam reach its full height, and then it will be crossed by a railway. Thus there has been a sensational race between the rising river and the rising dam.

The Engineers Win

The engineers now feel sure that they have won the race, and that the vast scheme of irrigation, costing £4,000,000, will be triumphantly completed. Granite to the weight of no less than 2,400 tons has been added daily to the weight of the resisting dam.

It is by such gigantic works as this, useful to all the world, that British control of the Sudan is justified; and other reasons are the peace, security, and prosperity of the country most concerned. All these things are closely bound up with the manifest appreciation of the work which British energy and guidance can do, and which Egypt could not do, and would never attempt.

A CAMP ON RUWENZORI

WHAT CAN BE SEEN FROM IT

The Varied Plant Life on a Mountain Slope

SNOW NEAR THE EQUATOR

One of our youthful readers in Central Africa, at Mountains of the Moon Farm, close to the great mountain Ruwenzori, sends us these interesting notes on his surroundings.

The Mountains of the Moon were known long ago, either from visits by Central African native travellers or from hearsay. The name Ruwenzori, is probably a corruption of the Lunyoro word Rwensozi, the place of the hills.

Monkeys and Leopards

The south end of Ruwenzori rises from the north of Lake Edward, just on the Equator, and runs north to Lake Albert, a distance of seventy miles. Its average breadth is about twenty miles.

No European lives on Ruwenzori, but we have a small camp there, 7500 feet above sea level, which we visit in the hot weather. From there we can see our coffee plantation. We sometimes go up to Karangura, 10,000 feet, from where we can see the Semliki, a tributary of the Nile, and the Ituri Forest, in the Congo.

All the higher peaks of Ruwenzori are covered with snow. It is difficult to get up there, so we have never handled snow.

The higher parts of Ruwenzori are covered with bamboo. Monkeys in thousands, the Colobus, eat the young bamboo shoots, and hundreds of leopards live on the monkeys.

The Forest Belt

Below the bamboos, at about 8000 feet, is a big belt of forest. Then comes more or less open ground inhabited by the Bakonjo, a people who go about naked in spite of the cold.

They grow beans, peas, European potatoes, and wheat. Some of the wheat is from the seed brought by Emin Pasha's soldiers, who for 14 years were cut off from the civilised world just north of Ruwenzori.

We grow apples, figs, nectarines, peaches, plums, and strawberries on Ruwenzori, only forty or fifty miles from the Equator. The slopes of the mountain are very steep, and natives sometimes lose their footing and roll down until a clump of bush stops them.

From here we can see seventy miles in a half circle—Lake Albert to the north, Lake Edward to the south, and half-way to Kampala, in Uganda. The clouds in the plain below us make shadows like huge snakes that lazily crawl over the bright green grass and pale green banana plantations.

The Bakonjo have their huts perched on the ledges of ridges or crags, and the huts look more like big swallow nests than human habitations.

Birds from Europe

We see several European birds here, from November to March, and two crows remained for a time as settlers. They are not here this year, however. Perhaps they have gone to the Wembley Exhibition!

From our coffee plantation, Ruwenzori looks like a big crocodile, with its tail cooling in Lake Albert, and its paws grabbing the salt lake near Lake Edward, which it sips and sips.

The Bakonjo were probably driven up Ruwenzori by more warlike natives. The men do very little work, so the women have a hard time. They make rough pottery, which they sell. A cooking pot can be bought for 1d., and a large water vessel for 2½d.

These women carry great loads on their backs strapped to their foreheads. They climb up tracks that a self-respecting English billy-goat would turn from. They do all the cultivating, leaving to the men the herding of the goats, funeral drum beating, and so on.

BLACKSTONE

Why He is to Have a Statue

A PRESENT FROM AMERICA

When our American colonies set up for themselves as the United States they made a brand new constitution; but they were satisfied with our common law and a great deal of our statute law too, for they founded their laws on Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England, the last volume of which was published in 1769—seven years before the Declaration of Independence.

Sir William Blackstone was born in London on July 10, 1723, and now the American Bar Association is celebrating his second centenary by presenting a statue of him to be set up in London. Mr. P. W. Bartlett is making it in his studio in Paris.

Perhaps it may be set up in time to be unveiled during the conference of British, American, and Canadian lawyers in London this month.

Blackstone, who went to school at the Charterhouse, became a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, when he was only 20. He tried his hand in the law courts but without success, and as he could not practise in law he returned to Oxford to lecture on it.

A Famous Book

He was only 35 when he became a Professor of Law, and ten years later he completed the publication of his lectures in the four volumes of his famous book.

The fame he gained by this work made him at last successful in the courts. He refused the Solicitor-Generalship, but became a judge. He died in 1780.

His book was an accurate account of the law of his day, written in a popular style for laymen rather than for lawyers.

But his theories of the origin and growth of law were all wrong according to modern ideas.

Blackstone's lectures at Oxford were crowded by the "best people," but Bentham says he was a "formal, precise, and affected lecturer, cold, reserved, and wary, exhibiting a frigid pride." We shall see whether Mr. Bartlett makes him look like that in his statue.

TREASURE TROVE

Pocket-Money of Guy Fawkes?

What is Treasure Trove? It is gold or silver, or articles made of gold or silver, or coins found buried in the earth, for which no owner can be discovered.

When such a find has been made the coroner for the district must hold an inquiry to see if there is an owner. If there is not he declares it treasure trove, and it becomes the property of the King.

Mr. Bartholomew, of Scoton, near Knaresborough, was making alterations to his house when he found 300 silver coins, many dating back to the days of Edward the Third. Close by is the house of Guy Fawkes, and the coins may have been his.

An inquest was held, and as Guy did not put in a claim the coins were declared treasure trove and the property of King George. The coins will probably go to a museum, and no doubt, in accordance with custom, Mr. Bartholomew will be paid the full value of his find. On the other hand, if he had concealed his discovery and kept the coins, he would have been guilty of felony.

In the Roman Empire half of treasure trove went to the owner of the land and half to the finder; but in England the King has claimed it all since feudal times.

THE COST OF RHEUMATISM

An official report says that rheumatic diseases cost Britain each year over 3,000,000 weeks of work, and nearly £2,000,000 in sick benefits from clubs.

FOR THOSE WHO CANNOT SPEAK

SEVEN APPEALS TO ALL

A Word of Remembrance for Our Dumb Friends in the World

WHAT THEY ASK

The centenary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has just been celebrated.

The Matlock Auxiliary of this invaluable society has had a most happy thought. On behalf of the animals it has drawn up a petition from them to the children of the district, and has sent it to the local schools.

It is so good that we think everybody, of every age, everywhere, should read it. Here are its chief points.

The Horses Ask

Please don't jerk our reins or fasten back our heads tightly so that our work is made harder. Never overload or hurry us up the hills. Don't take away our best defence against the flies by cutting off our tails. Feed us regularly and give us clean water often. Let us have less whip and more kind words. Thousands of us died for you in the Great War: be good to those who are left, and when we grow old and weak give us rest or a merciful end.

The Dogs Ask

Please treat us as friends, for we are faithful and loving to you. Don't keep us chained up for long hours in cold or heat without a run. See that we have a comfortable place to sleep in, and plenty of food and fresh water and walks. Talk to us often and we shall learn to understand and obey you.

The Cats Ask

Don't neglect us because we are common, and never leave us without food and shelter when you shut up your houses or go away. Spare us a drop of milk whenever you can, and keep a saucer of water for us when we are thirsty.

The Donkeys Ask

Do see that we have less work and fair play. We are not creatures just to be joked about and often beaten and ill-used. Give us good food and water and kind treatment, and you will find we are not stupid, but clever and useful.

The Cows and Sheep Ask

Please attend to all our needs, and when you have to drive us through the streets don't beat us or throw stones or shout enough to frighten us. Guide us quietly and help us carefully at awkward corners. This will make things easier for us and for you too.

The Birds Ask

Do not rob our nests or shut us up in cages, for we are your friends and helpers. Please put out a dish of water for us in your gardens, and don't forget our crumbs in winter.

The Farmyard Animals Ask

Do take the trouble to find out the best way to treat us all. Give us clean houses and enough room for comfort. Feed us regularly and never forget the nice fresh water that we all want.

FEE FEE

A Note from a Far-Away Island

A reader, living on one of the Society Islands in the far Pacific, having seen our article a few months ago on Fee Fee, or Elephantiasis, sends us further particulars of this distressing disease.

He says the disease is attributed to the drinking of impure water.

For generations past particular tracts of land have been believed to be infected with it, and the proportion of victims among men working on the land, compared with women working at home, is ten to one.

Fee Fee seems to be regarded throughout Polynesia as akin to leprosy. When a white man or a native gets it he will always do his best to hide it as long as he possibly can. The disease dies out of the system in a colder climate.

OCEAN TO OCEAN BY CAR

The World's Greatest Motor Road

FROM HALIFAX TO VANCOUVER

When Canada thinks that something ought to be done, there is not much time lost in doing it.

One of the things that the Dominion would like in these motoring days is a highway from ocean to ocean, and presently there is likely to be a continuous run from Halifax to Vancouver. What a journey it will be! Motorists from all the world will take the trip. No one will be accounted a long-distance man who has not this achievement to his credit.

Already it is possible to reach Sault Sainte Marie, 1558 miles inland from Halifax. But at Soo (as it is locally called) the difficulties begin.

There Lake Superior empties into Lake Huron at a lower level. The northern shore of Superior skirts a stretch of rocky lake-strewn land, very thinly peopled. But where the railway has gone a road can go, and the scenery is a great reward.

When Superior is left behind, at Fort William, there are already long sections of good road; and from Winnipeg to Vancouver there are 1200 miles of prairie road, with easy gradients across Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta to the Rocky Mountains, and through the glorious scenery of British Columbia. Only 60 miles of mountainous country remain to be conquered.

The making of the section from Sault Sainte Marie to Fort William, through Western Ontario, is already being officially considered. Who knows how soon motor traffic may be competing in Canada with the railway, which hitherto has had no rival?

SUMMER MEETING OF THE COLD MEN

The Refrigerator and the World's Food

One might make a good many guesses before lighting on the name of the latest international organisation to hold a summer conference in London. It is the International Institute of Refrigeration.

It is amazing what a big part cold storage plays today in the provision of the world's food supply. Cold storage at the docks, in the great market centres, in the retailer's cellars, would be useless, of course, without cold storage at sea, and the one is as essential as the other to the marvellous flow of fresh food of every kind from the ends of the Earth to the 450 million inhabitants of Europe.

Mr. Sidney Webb, President of the Board of Trade, in welcoming the delegates to the Refrigerators' Conference, expressed the belief that so great a crowd of meat-eaters could never have been created without cold storage, all unconscious as they are of its marvels.

Research at Cambridge

Among the sights our visitors have seen is the low temperature research station at Cambridge. No doubt they were interested, too, in the statue of the Prince of Wales in butter at Wembley, the modellers of which are said to have suffered severely from frost-bite in their Arctic glass prison.

From some interesting figures published about the frozen meat trade it appears that the world's merchant fleets include nearly 900 vessels, with 99 million cubic feet of insulated cargo chambers. Of these, the British-owned ships have a total refrigerated carrying capacity of nearly 72 million cubic feet.

While the cold storage space in Great Britain is estimated at about 38 million cubic feet, the approximate refrigeration capacity in the United States is put at 559 million cubic feet.

THE BELL THAT RANG IN PHILADELPHIA

Why a Million People Go to See It Every Year RINGING-IN LIBERTY

The American people are often regarded as being the most practical on the face of the Earth. They love to express their abounding energy in big, solid figures—millions of dollars, thousands of miles. They worship magnitude.

But there are some pretty signs that they are not altogether enslaved by materialism. Imagination, and particularly sentiment, captures them from time to time, and will influence them more and more as they get older.

Another instance of the growing power of the past over them is being developed in Philadelphia. It was there that Independence was signed, and the bell that announced the signature, the Liberty Bell, as they call it, is preserved there as a sacred relic. Every year a million Americans file round it.

But in summer time, and in the evening, the Independence Hall, where the bell is housed, is closed. Philadelphia is determined that at no time shall any American wish in vain to replenish his patriotism by a sight of the Liberty Bell. So she is arranging to place it in a doorway of the hall behind a wrought-iron grill, with the light of a lamp shining on it from sunset to sunrise.

America is not yet old enough in civilisation to have had more than three or four stirring epochs in her history, but she shows an imagination in celebrating those epochs that contradicts her reputation in the world for being enslaved by the common materialism of mere size.

GLASGOW THROWS AWAY A FAMOUS ROOM

Home of Lord Lister's Discovery

The famous Lister Ward in Glasgow, in which Lord Lister made his great discovery of antiseptic surgery, now no longer exists. It has been destroyed, stone by stone, to make room for new buildings. And so "a rose has fallen from the chaplet of Glasgow."

The new hospital could have been built around the room with perfect ease. Not only was any extra money readily forthcoming that might be needed for that, but a Glasgow man offered to pay for the whole of the rebuilding "as a memorial." A similar offer was diffidently made by the surgeons of America, and from all over Europe, from North and South America, and from far Japan, came entreaties that the room should be preserved.

Every possible objection was met, but the managers have had their way, and not only Glasgow but the whole country loses one of its most historic possessions—a room in which was made a discovery that has led to the saving of millions of lives.

ROBBING THE NEXT GENERATION

Grave Problem that Must be Faced

It is really shocking that over two-fifths—not far from half—of our unemployed are young people between 18 and 28 who have never had the opportunity of learning any trade. There are about half a million of them.

At the same time our skilled workers are leaving our shores in startlingly large numbers. In the first nine months of 1923 there were over 20,000 emigrants classed as skilled workers in metal and engineering; and 12,207 of these were emigrants to the United States.

It is no wonder that the country is getting impatient at the delay of successive Governments in finding means of absorbing this huge but rapidly deteriorating reserve of human energy.

THE ELEPHANT'S HIGHWAY

Old Tracks in Africa ROADMAKERS BEFORE THE ROMANS

Long before the Romans made roads, the African elephants were hard at work driving roads through the forests and bush of Equatorial Africa.

Dr. Christy has just told, in a book on African Big Game and the Pygmies of the Ituri Forest, how these roads cut their way in all directions through the tall grass and bush and the dark forest. There are main highways from two to three feet wide, which run for scores of miles across the almost impenetrable country. The roads are rammed too hard by countless elephant feet for anything to grow on them. For many miles at a stretch a bicycle could be ridden along them, and the natives use them as highways. Some are many hundreds of years old, as one can see by the way the track has worn a path through the rocky banks of rivers and such places. Branch tracks and short cuts lead off here and there, but always with a purpose, such as to reach a river crossing or an outlying block of forest, or to connect up into highways leading to other parts of the country.

The elephants seem to know their way about them as well as a man can find his way about the streets of his native town, being able to tell exactly where they are, and not only which road to take in the dark, but exactly where the short cuts are.

CHILDREN IN 1851

Did They Go to the Great Exhibition?

The children, we are glad to say, are thronging to the Wembley Exhibition. Speaking there, Miss Pennethorne, of the Parents' National Education Union, said she had searched in vain through all available literature for any reference to a child's visit to the exhibition of 1851. Her explanation was that the exhibition was too select and the children too noisy.

We are afraid Miss Pennethorne had missed the very latest contribution to the literature of the Great Exhibition of 1851, for had she looked in a recent C.N. she would have found what she had searched for in vain elsewhere. She would have read there how children were there even from America, and how one of them, Major George Haven Putnam, was cheerily telling us, on his way home from Wembley, how he enjoyed the Great Exhibition at the age of seven.

As a matter of fact it is recorded that nearly fifty thousand school children visited the Great Exhibition.

A CHURCH IDEA

Decorated by Its Own Artists

At a church in one of the poorest districts in Birmingham a fine idea has begun to grow.

A group of young people want to see art restored to the prominence it once occupied in our churches, and, led by two young artists, they made a beginning last summer by forming an art class at Christ Church, Aston.

Although nearly all the members are boys and girls whose daily work is dull and uninspiring, and who had nothing but pure inclination to urge them on (some of them are domestic servants), the first exhibition revealed a surprising amount of talent, and the members have been encouraged to redecorate the church from their own designs.

It seems a splendid idea, and the movement is finding and fostering art among those who might otherwise never have had the opportunity or guidance for expressing it. If the idea were copied generally, who knows what talent might be discovered?

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

What is the Temperature of a Dog?

The temperature of a dog's body varies between 37.5 and 39.5 degrees Centigrade.

What Does Contango Mean?

This is a Stock Exchange expression for the charge made by a broker for carrying over a bargain to the next fortnightly settling day.

What Sort of Sound Does an Eagle Make?

The note of the golden eagle is a shrill squealing cry, almost like a bark; that of the sea-eagle a loud yelp-like "queek-queek-queek."

What is Catnip?

Catnip is a popular name in some parts of the country for the cat-mint, a sister plant of the ground ivy, or ale-hoof. It is known to botanists as *Nepeta Cataria*.

What is a Skewbald Horse?

A horse marked with spots and patches of white and some other colour than black. A piebald horse is one marked with black and white.

Is the Word Chicken Singular or Plural?

Singular. The word is from the Anglo-Saxon *ciccn*, which is, it is believed, a diminutive form of *cocc*, a cock, just as kitten is a diminutive of cat.

What were the Scarpines?

The scarpines formed an instrument of torture used by the Inquisition and resembled the notorious "boot," made of iron and wood, in which the leg was placed and wedges driven in to crush the bone.

Do the Initials A. E. I. O. U. Stand for any Political Phrase?

They have been used to represent the phrase *Austriac est imperare orbi universo*, which means It is given to Austria to rule the whole world, words that are very far from true today.

Why are not Lightning Conductors Fixed to all Buildings?

It is not necessary. Only the taller buildings, like church spires, town halls, factory chimneys, and so on, need conductors, as these buildings, towering above the general run of houses, are most likely to be struck.

Why are the People of Holland Called Dutch?

Dutch is really the German word *Deutsch*, applied originally to all the people of German origin, but now confined to the one section living in Holland. It is from the Middle High German word *diut-isk*, meaning belonging to the people.

What is the Black Patch in the Sky next to the Southern Cross?

This black patch visible in the southern hemisphere is known as the Sack of Coals, and is a stretch of space entirely without stars, or at any rate stars that are visible to us. Why this should be we do not know. A similar black patch is found in the Milky Way near Ophiuchus.

Why Cannot Salt Water Fish Live in Fresh Water?

Because the conditions are unsuited to them. The water is less dense, the animal and vegetable life in the fresh water is different from that in the sea; and just as we could not adapt ourselves to life below the water, so the salt water fish cannot adapt itself to the different conditions which exist in river and lake.

What Nutritious Properties Does an Apple Contain?

Dr. Robert Hutchinson, in his *Food and the Principles of Dietetics*, gives the composition of a fresh apple as follows. In 100 parts there are 82.5 of water, 0.4 of protein, 0.5 of ether extract, 12.5 of carbohydrates, 0.4 of ash, 2.7 of cellulose, and 1.0 of acids. The only nutritive element of any importance in fruit, he says, is the carbohydrate group. As a general rule, about half to three-quarters of the total carbohydrates in a fruit will consist of sugar.

Does an Object Weigh Less Down a Mine than at the Earth's Surface?

The weight of a body on the Earth is due to the Earth's attraction, and so the greater the distance of the body from the Earth the less the attractive force and the less its weight. But the same body down a deep mine should weigh less, for the mass of earth above it would tend to draw it away from the centre of the Earth instead of towards it. At the centre of the Earth the body would have no weight at all, supposing the Earth to be of the same density throughout. As a matter of fact experiment has shown that a body weighs more down a mine owing to the Earth's density being considerably greater towards its centre.

MARS COMES NEAR BRIGHTEST OBJECT IN THE SOUTH-EAST SKY

Tracing a Loop in the Heavens

A PUZZLE FOR THE OLD ASTRONOMERS

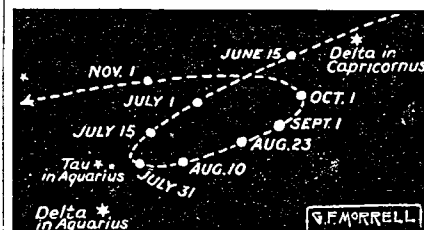
By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The rosy-tinted Mars is now coming within reach of observation, rising about 11 p.m., at the end of next week.

He will be easily identified towards midnight, low in the south-east sky, and appearing far brighter than any other orb in that part of the heavens.

On Saturday, July 19, Mars may be seen some way below, and to the right of, the Moon, but appearing considerably dimmed by her radiance.

During the next few weeks this most interesting planet will greatly increase in brilliance, as he rapidly approaches our world. At present Mars is about 46 million miles away, but during the next six weeks he will come nearly twelve million miles nearer, attaining



The curious path of Mars

his nearest on the night of August 22, when but 34,637,000 miles will divide our world from him.

Meanwhile, his apparent motion in the sky is remarkable, the diagram showing at a glance how curious the path of Mars will be during the next four months, when it will be quite easy to note the singular loop he traces in the heavens. His journey towards the left, from the beginning of June, is indicated; and it will be seen that he is now near to where he takes a curve southward, after which, at the end of July, he begins a retrograde motion towards the right.

The star some seven or eight times the Moon's apparent width away below Mars will help to make these movements of Mars more obvious. This star is Delta in Aquarius, and is of but medium brightness; while a fainter star, Tau in Aquarius, may be seen somewhat nearer, and to the left of Mars.

Towards Delta the planet will be seen to travel for the next fortnight, then he will veer round to the right, and travel away from it toward the star Delta in Capricornus. This will continue until October 1, when Mars will turn again, and abandoning this retrograde direction, travel away to the left, which is really his proper direction.

A Problem Solved

This interlude of retrogression in his path of progress worried astronomers until the time of the great Copernicus, whose correct theory of the Solar system explained it. For, according to the Ptolemaic theory, the Sun, Moon, and Planets were bodies that travelled round the Earth; while the Earth remained immovable and the all-important body in the centre. But it was a mystery why the planets should periodically halt in their direct progress "round the Earth," then go backward for a spell; then, as it were, changing their mind once more, turn again and retrace their way along a slightly different path. This they did once in each of their apparent revolutions round the Earth, which in the case of Mars takes 780 days.

We now know it is really the effect of perspective, due to the Earth's motion as well as that of Mars, and the fact that our world's path is a curve, on a slightly different plane, and that it is inside that of Mars.

G. F. M.

Other Worlds. Mars rises in the south-east soon after 11 p.m. Jupiter is due south about 10 p.m., and Saturn in the south-west.

EAGLE FEATHER

A Tale of White Men Among the Red Men

Set down by
John Halden

CHAPTER 46 A Perilous Rescue

THE force of the current dragged David clean under the pole and down into the foam between the rocks. But it did not break his hold on the sapling, and he lay face upward in the yellow water, his hands gripped on the pole above his head. So much Nancy saw, as she scrambled on a ledge in the rocky bank above him. She saw, too, that the force of the sapling's impact against the rocks had cracked it, that it was sagging and might break at any moment.

But even more perilous to David was the fact that the water broke continually over his head. If he attempted to shift his hold, in all probability the sapling would slip from its precarious moorings and David would be lost.

Nancy realised this in a glance. Then she threw herself down flat on the ledge above her brother. In her run along the river bank she had lost her shoes and her bonnet without noticing they were gone, but, like a true daughter of the backwoods, she had kept an instinctive hold on the precious axe.

The haft of an axe of that day was long and stout, made of green wood. Nancy reached out with hers and touched David's right hand—the one farthest from her on the sapling.

"Davie! Catch hold!" she called. Blindly David clutched at what he felt against his hand.

Nancy pulled, and with her help the boy was able to turn himself carefully over, retaining his grip on the sapling with his left hand, and so come nearer the bank and get his head above the stifling water. It was perilous work, however, for if the sapling had slipped, and David's whole weight been thrown on Nancy's axe-handle, he would undoubtedly have pulled her into the water.

"Get hold of something, Nancy," he called.

The girl shook her head. There was nothing to catch hold of.

"I'll pull you closer," she said. "See if you can get a foothold in the rock down there."

David, moving very carefully, felt with his toes along the side of the rock under water. To his relief he felt his foot slip into a cranny, large enough to afford him some support. Another cranny found, and he dared let go his hold on the sapling. Then, with Nancy's axe-haft to give him extra balance against the pull of the water, the battle was won.

David clambered up the side of the rock and sank exhausted beside his sister, who burst into a torrent of weeping.

"Oh, Davie, I thought you'd gone!" she sobbed, while her brother tried to comfort her.

In a few moments, however, she sat up cheerfully, dried her eyes, and laughed.

"What next?" she asked. David had been musing silently.

"Nancy, it was worth it," he said suddenly.

"What was worth what?"

"It was worth all the danger to have come here."

Nancy shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, I don't want to do it over again, I'll tell you that."

"Nor do I," admitted David.

"But we've found a way across the river."

"Where?" Nancy was mystified.

"Here, where the water narrows. We'll build a bridge across these rocks."

"But the other side?"

"All the greater part of the water comes through here," said David. "The other side is shallow and quiet. We can easily ford it on horseback."

Nancy jumped up excitedly.

"Then we're off to Boonesborough in the morning."

"Looks like it," David pulled himself up dripping from the rock.

He was wet through, of course. But that was no new experience for a backwoods scout. Nevertheless the wetting had its inconveniences, for deerskin when it is wet stretches to an unbelievable extent, and as David stood up his tunic hung round him nearly to the ground.

"You'll have to take it off and wear my linsey woolsey cape," laughed Nancy.

David grumbled but obeyed, and tied round his big shoulders his sister's little fluttering cape. Then, after wringing out the soaked tunic as best they could, they raced along the bank to keep warm.

At the cave a big fire and savoury odours announced that dinner was ready.

"I fell in the river," answered David briefly to his mother's inquiry.

Then he laughed across at Nancy, and she laughed back. They had agreed not to tell the whole of the morning's adventure.

"You might let the rest of us know the joke," growled Sam. He was in a bad temper because his morning's shooting had brought in very little.

"I tried to swim the river when I might very well have walked across dryshod," explained David, as he hung up his wet things to dry.

"In short," cried Nancy, "we found a place where we can bridge the river."

"Really?" said Mr. Halifax with interest; "that sounds impossible, considering the width of the river."

David explained, and added that he thought they were now not far from the end of their journey.

"I've been thinking that myself," replied Halifax.

"We men ought to go along down there and build the bridge this afternoon, I reckon," said Simpson.

CHAPTER 47 Quicksand

A HALF-HOUR later all the men set out for the rocks, armed with axes and the other things necessary to make the bridge.

First they cut down two tall, strong trees. One of these was laid across the rocks, and David and Anderson walked over to the other side. Then the second was pushed over about five feet away, and cross-pieces of green wood were bound solidly to both logs with strips of raw hide. The chinks between the cross-logs were filled in with twigs and gravel and sand and mud, making a fairly smooth surface, for there was danger of the pack horses stumbling otherwise.

"I call that a pretty fair bridge, now," remarked Simpson, as he tested it.

He had been director of proceedings all along, for he was considered a good carpenter among backwoodsmen.

The men jumped on the bridge and shook it, and generally attempted to make sure that horses and cattle and humans could be trusted on it.

At last, satisfied, they turned their attention to the shallows on the other side. The water looked about four feet deep at the most.

"I think we ought to make a raft and test it first with a pole," said David. "This is a treacherous river. I don't like it."

Sam looked at him tauntingly.

"Where's your nerve, Dave?" he remarked. "Lost it since you fell in this morning?"

"No harm in having a raft just for emergency," said Anderson, preparing to make one from the cross-pieces left over from the bridge.

But Sam would not be cautious.

"Four feet of water doesn't worry me," he said; and, taking

off his tunic and moccasins, he scrambled down from the rock into the water at its base.

"Look out for quicksand!" cried David; but Sam only waved a scornful hand and splashed on.

Everything seemed all right, and Anderson suspended work on the raft. Sam splashed ahead till he was almost out of the river.

Then, with the water well below his knees, he began to sink. The men on the rock saw him cast one wild, bewildered look down at his feet and then throw up his hands, while he shrieked for help.

Quicksand is a terror that makes even the bravest man look grave. Once caught in it, it is almost impossible for a man to extricate himself by his own efforts. His body is sucked down and down in the clinging, soft sand that closes over him at last without leaving a trace.

Sam had stepped ankle deep in quicksand. As they watched he had sunk to his knees.

David thrust the half-made raft into the water, and, pushing it before him as long as the sand under his feet was safe, he hurried to Sam's rescue.

Sam was sinking rapidly. As David reached him the sand was sucking round his waist. The boy's face was grey with terror, and he fought wildly for his life against this terrible enemy.

"Don't struggle!" said David. "You only push yourself in farther."

But Sam was too panic-stricken to take advice. He continued to flounder till David reached him. Then, when David put out his hand, Sam grasped it so frantically that he all but pulled the other in with him.

By this time Jake Simpson had arrived. Sam had gone so incautiously across the river-bed that he had taken several steps into the quicksand before he realised his danger. It was therefore impossible for his rescuers to approach him very closely without being sucked in, too.

David, thinking it over quickly, had an inspiration.

"Catch hold of my feet!" he said to Jake, and threw himself flat on the raft, which he pushed between himself and Sam. Then, with this to buoy him up on the surface of the water, he caught firm hold of Sam's hands.

"Now pull!" he ordered the elder Simpson.

Sam was half-dead with fright. His eyes were closed, his face was grey. The water, at this place about two feet deep, had now reached his chin.

David twisted his fingers round Sam's wrists, and Simpson pulled. The other men came up and pulled

as well, and, with David as a sort of living rope, they finally hoisted the inert body of Sam out of the terrible quicksand.

It took some time to bring the terrified boy to his senses, and assure him that he was not dead, but only in need of a good wash. This Anderson and Simpson proceeded to give him as part of the revivifying process.

"Well, I reckon we'd better plan to take the rest of the folks over on a raft, after all," drawled Anderson.

So it was agreed and so it was done, and the next day horses, cattle, provisions, women, and children were forded carefully across the river on a monster raft, the men poling with saplings and feeling out every foot of ground till the dry bank was reached.

And one remark from Nancy expressed the feelings of all as they left the stream at last to take up the Wilderness Trail again on the other side.

"Well," said she emphatically, "that is positively the worst-tempered river I have ever come across in all my born days, and I never want to see it again!"

CHAPTER 48

The Stampede of Buffaloes

THE trail for several days continued as before. Bad weather held off for the time, and at last, to the settlers' joy, they realised that the wilderness on each side of the trail was becoming steadily less thick.

"It's almost like an orchard!" cried Nancy.

Wild fruits hung ripe on the trees. The ground beneath, instead of its covering of underbrush and brambles, now showed a thick carpet of lush grass, strewn with flowers.

"From all the signs, I should say we're almost at the end of our journey," said David quietly to his sister.

Since Danny had left, brother and sister had become close, confidential friends.

David's surmise proved to be right. The next day, at noon, the settlers came suddenly round the bend of a hill to see the most beautiful rolling plain they had ever beheld. In every direction elk and deer could be seen wandering about, flocks of wild pigeons flew overhead, and the wild turkeys were so thick they seemed in one continuous flock.

"Boonesborough Plain!" said Mr. Halifax, in a reverent voice.

"Boonesborough Plain!" Everyone took up the cry, and: "On to Boonesborough!"

Almost without knowing it, they hastened, their fatigue forgotten.

"I believe there's a storm coming up," remarked Mrs. Halifax, when they had gone about a mile into the open space.

"But, Mother," protested Nancy, "there's not a cloud in the sky!" "Don't you hear the thunder?" returned Mrs. Halifax.

Now everyone heard a sound as of heavy, distant thunder.

"Oh, I hope a storm won't overtake us when we are so close to our goal!" cried Mrs. Anderson; and was interrupted by a sharp cry from Nancy.

"What's that?" cried the girl.

David gave one look in the direction she had pointed.

"Buffaloes!" was all he said; and in that one word was the gravest peril the little band had so far encountered.

Across the plain came a great brown mass of buffaloes. Heads down, they were galloping at an incredible rate of speed, their bodies tightly wedged together. Something had frightened them. They were stampeding, thousands of them.

It was the roar of their pounding hoofs that had sounded like thunder. They shook the earth.

And the little band of settlers was directly in the path of that terrible stampede!

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Wise Ruler

THE son of a foreign king, who came to England on a career of conquest, was in his boyhood a pagan, but he later became a Christian.

The youth succeeded to the English throne, but his position was very insecure, and though he gathered a large army to defend his title he was defeated and had to flee from the country. He retired to the land over which his father had reigned and there prepared to reconquer his inheritance in England.

But meanwhile he carried on two successful campaigns against wild tribes on the Continent and afterwards gathered a big fleet with which he sailed round the south coast of England. Finding the English quarrelling among themselves he persuaded one side to join him, and soon began to conquer the country. It was not long before he was master of all the land except London, but the English king dying and his able son succeeding to the throne, to capture the city was difficult.

Twice the foreign prince attempted this and failed, although he showed much ingenuity. One thing he did was very remarkable. Finding the city defended by London Bridge and being unable to pass up the river under the bridge in the ordinary way, he ordered his men to dig a canal on the southern side and so brought his boats round to the west of the bridge. He was, however, beaten off.

Both sides prepared for a big struggle, and in a great battle the invader was successful.

The English, however, were still fairly strong and therefore the conqueror proposed a meeting with his rival, and they met on an island in the River Severn and divided the kingdom. Soon after, the English king was killed and the foreigner was acknowledged as sole ruler. But he began his undisputed reign cruelly, putting to death a number of the more powerful of the English chiefs.

Then, having made his position secure, he completely changed his outward behaviour, and seems to have altered in character also. He strove to govern the kingdom according to English ideas.

He endowed churches, made a pilgrimage to Rome, and generally showed himself to be high-minded and zealous to do the right. He ruled wisely and obtained the title of Great. He is best known, perhaps, by a story of how, when flattering courtiers told him he had command over the waves, he showed

them that no order of his had the slightest effect in staying their onward progress.

When he died his body was carried to Winchester and buried there. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



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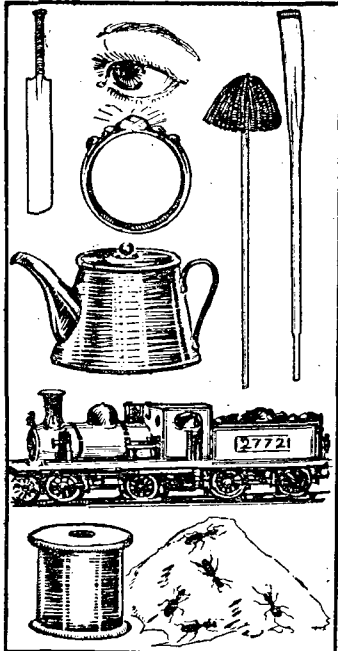
The Lanes are Full of Roses, the Fields are Heavenly Green

Dr. MERRYMAN

LADY: "If you only had your last situation three days, Bridget, what makes you think your mistress was pleased with you?"

New Maid: "Because she said she was pleased when I left, ma'am."

A Hidden Word Puzzle



When placed in their correct order the initial letters of the words represented by these pictures will spell the name of a meteorological instrument. Can you find out what it is? *Solution next week*

WHAT is that which is sometimes with a head; sometimes with a tail, sometimes without a tail; sometimes with head and tail, sometimes without either; and yet is equally perfect in all these circumstances? A wig.

Fisherman's Luck

AN angler dozed by the stream, And a salmon he caught in his dream; But when he awoke With annoyance he spoke: "What I hooked was a minnow, 'twould seem!"

Word Changing

I AM a word of four letters, and am known to everyone, both young and old; transpose me, and I am part of the parish accounts; curtail me, and I am an animal pest; reverse me, and I am a sticky substance. Restore me to my original form, and I mean to rend; curtail me, and I am a beverage; transpose me, and I am what all persons do. Behead me in my original form, and I am a part of the head; transpose me, and I am an epoch. *Solution next week*

WHY is a water-lily like a whale? Because they both come to the surface to blow.

Is Your Name Morris?

THIS name has not always the same origin. Sometimes it is from the Christian name Maurice, of which it is merely a varied spelling, and those who bear the surname no doubt had an early ancestor who was known by the Christian name of Maurice.

On the other hand, the name is sometimes derived from the word Moorish, and was, no doubt, originally given as a nickname to someone who had a more or less swarthy complexion like a Moor, or possibly to one who kept an inn with the sign of the Moor or Moor's Head.

A Good Catch

"HULLO! Where have you been?" asked Binks.

He was going home late from the office, and had overtaken Jinks, who looked wet and muddy, and was burdened with fishing tackle.

"Been fishing at Elstree," said Jinks sombrely.

"Catch much?"

"Oh, yes!" Jinks laughed mirthlessly. "Too much."

"What did you catch?" Binks inquired eagerly.

"First train there and last train back," said Jinks bitterly, "caught in a shower, caught a cold, and expect I shall catch it when I get home."

A Puzzle in Rhyme

IF from your shelf you take a book You'll find me there if you but look;

And if you put it back again, That I am there is also plain. Decapitate, 'twill then appear Without mistake that I am here; Behead again—you'll want no more, Because I always come before. *Answer next week*

WHAT is the difference between a sharp knife and a blunt one? One cuts thoroughly; the other cuts, tho' roughly.

Faultless

A DEALER sold a horse, guaranteeing that it was absolutely without a fault.

The next day the enraged buyer returned and complained that the horse was blind in one eye.

"That, sir," said the dealer calmly, "is not a fault—it is a misfortune."

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Puzzle in Rhyme

M U M
A N N A
D E E D
A N A N A
M I N I M

Do You Know Me? A postman

The Two Brothers A pair of stirrups

Jacko Takes a Plunge

THERE was only one thing Jacko didn't like about Monkeyville-on-Sea—his pocket money went too fast.

He hadn't a penny left after the first day. It had all gone into the penny-in-the-slot machines on the pier.

"Coo! I'm cleaned right out!" he said, feeling in his empty pockets. And at the same moment he discovered that he wanted a donkey ride more than anything else on earth.

"Wonder how I can raise sixpence?" he said.

He ran along the beach till he found Mr. and Mrs. Jacko, who were sitting comfortably in deck chairs reading.

"Sixpence indeed!" said Mr. Jacko angrily. "I wonder you have the face to ask such a question. Why, you only had your pocket money yesterday!"

Jacko looked at his mother beseechingly.

But Mrs. Jacko, for once in her life, didn't seem at all inclined to take his part.

"You can't have your cake and eat it too," she said severely.

"Let it be a lesson to you in future."

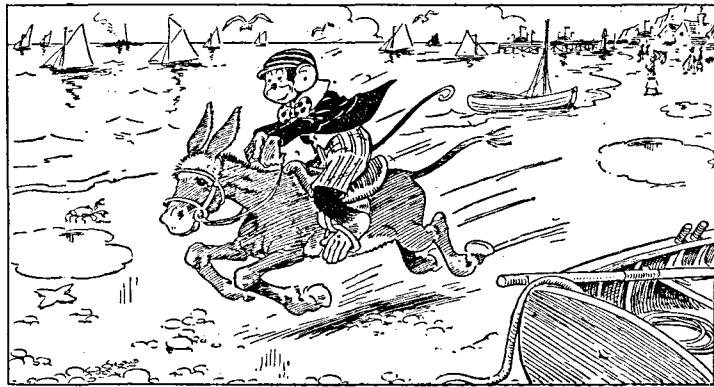
Jacko walked off in disgust.

"My luck's out," he said gloomily.

But it wasn't. He hadn't gone far before he heard a shriek. An old lady, sitting on the beach, had dropped her knitting wool, and it was rolling down to the sea as fast as it could go.

Jacko made a dive for it.

"Here you are, Ma'am," he said, handing it back.



Jacko had never been so proud of himself

"And here you are," she replied, handing him sixpence.

Jacko could hardly believe his eyes. He almost forgot to say "Thank you" in his excitement.

And in a few minutes' time he was up at the donkey stand choosing his mount.

"I'll have this one," he said, picking out the biggest. It was a fine animal, and he liked the look of the smart, brand-new harness.

The donkey-boy wanted to come too, but Jacko said he could manage perfectly well by himself. And at last the boy said "Have it your own way," and off they went.

It was a ride, too. Jacko had never been so proud of himself in his life.

Up and down the beach he cantered. And every now and then he would ride triumphantly past his father and mother with his coat tails flying.

Mr. Jacko was flabbergasted. He couldn't think where Jacko had got the money from.

"The boy will end his days in prison," he said grimly, as Jacko trotted past.

But Jacko nearly ended his days in the sea instead, for the donkey stopped suddenly, and pitched Jacko head over heels into the water!

It was his last donkey ride for some time.

Tales Before Bedtime

Peter Piggy

PETER was greedy about strawberries, and thought that he should always have the lion's share, just because they were his favourite fruit.

One day when he came home from school, as he passed the kitchen window he saw a dish of lovely strawberries on the table, and an enormous juicy red one was lying near the dish.

"The first strawberries, and one has fallen off the dish," thought Peter; and he hopped through the window and popped the big strawberry into his mouth.

When he went into the dining-room he found the children carrying chairs out on to the lawn where a table was spread.

"We are going to have dinner in the garden because Mary is cleaning," said Rosalie.

"A picnic dinner," said Teddy. "Sandwiches, cake, and a surprise for dessert. Isn't it jolly?"

"It's jolly to have dinner in the garden, but you needn't put the table close to the dusty road, Molly," grumbled Peter. "I don't want to eat dirt, thank you." And he made a great fuss till everything was moved again.

Rosalie said that Peter would never guess the surprise for dessert. Of course, he didn't say a word about the strawberries, and nobody would have ever guessed that he had already enjoyed a nice fat juicy "surprise."

When all the sandwiches and cake were eaten and Sammy, the collie dog, had had his share, Molly fetched the strawberries, and everybody cried: "Hurrah!" and Mother divided



Peter hopped in

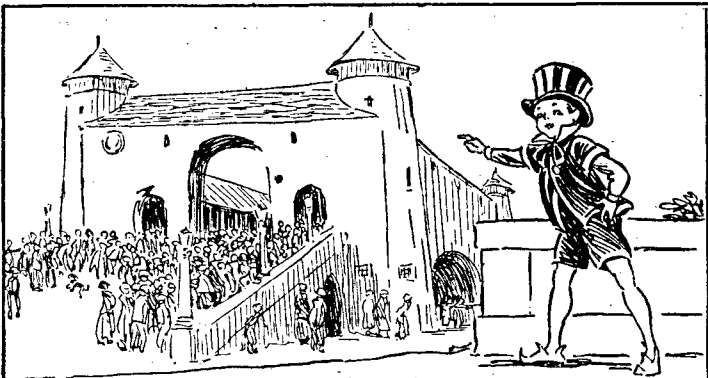
the berries on to glass plates and sprinkled them with sugar.

Just as everybody was enjoying the feast Teddy said: "I say, Peter, there was an enormous strawberry in the basket, but Molly dropped it in all that dust that Sammy will roll in. We put it on the kitchen table, and we're going to give it to Sukey, as she doesn't mind dirt." Sukey was the old sow.

"But I've eaten it!" cried Peter, the boy who didn't like the dust on his food.

And now, of course, it's Peter's own fault that people talk about pigs when strawberries appear.

Peter Puck Goes to Wembley



Peter Puck wonders if he will hear that "London Bridge is broken down" with the weight of the crowd!

The Man in Blue

In a poor street of Sheffield the other day a little girl three years old was playing on the pavement with a doll.

A big, rough dog came along, picked the doll up in his mouth and trotted off with it. The child cried pitifully.

Just then a burly policeman appeared. He had evidently seen the incident, for he did not stay to ask questions. He chased the dog, and a moment later the man in blue came back, carrying the rag doll he had arrested, and gave it to its little owner.

L'homme vêtu de bleu

L'autre jour, dans une rue pauvre de Sheffield, une fillette de trois ans jouait sur le trottoir avec sa poupée.

Un gros chien passa, saisit brusquement la poupée dans sa gueule et partit au trot. L'enfant pleurait pitoyablement.

À ce moment un grand policeman, solidement bâti, apparut. Évidemment il avait été témoin de l'incident, car il ne s'arrêta pas pour poser des questions. Il se mit en chasse, et, un instant après, l'homme vêtu de bleu était de retour, porteur de la poupée de chiffon qu'il avait "arrêtée," et qu'il remit à sa petite propriétaire.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

July 12, 1924

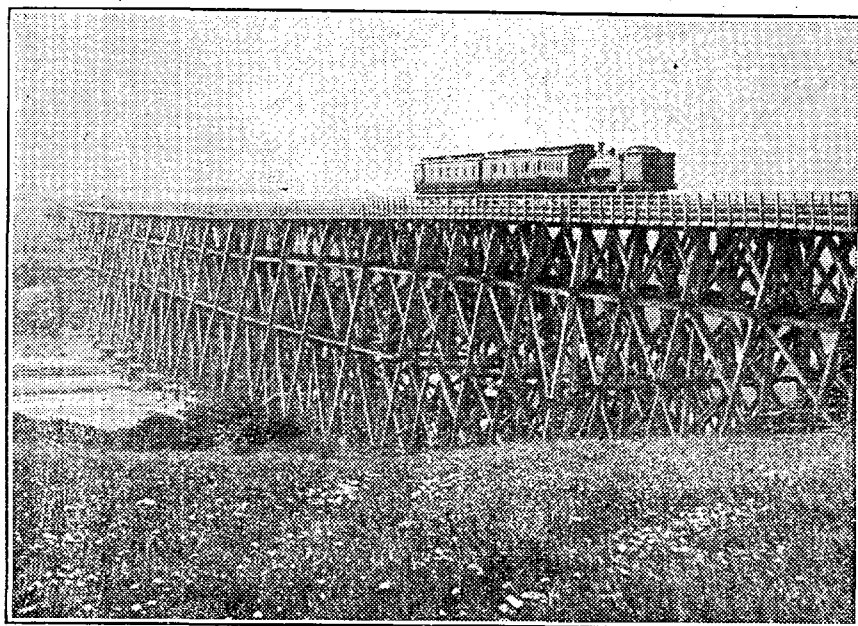
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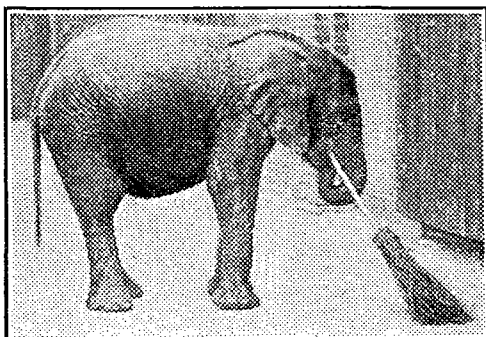
THE BIGGEST MOTOR-SHIP • HORSE AT SCHOOL • CHILDREN'S BALLOON RACE



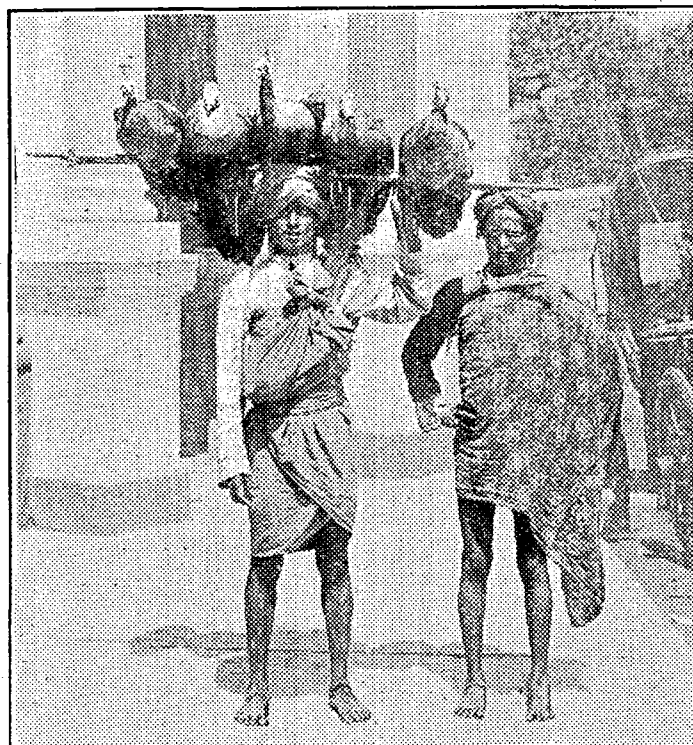
The Big See-saw—This merry party of little inmates of Queen Mary's Hospital, Carshalton, is seen enjoying the glorious sunshine and having a jolly ride on the big see-saw in the grounds. As can be seen, the children are fast winning back good health in the sunshine



An Old Wooden Bridge to Go—This fifty-year-old timber trestle bridge, which spans the River Wansbeck, in Northumberland, and looks more like a Canadian or American bridge than an English structure, is to be replaced by a steel viaduct costing nearly £100,000



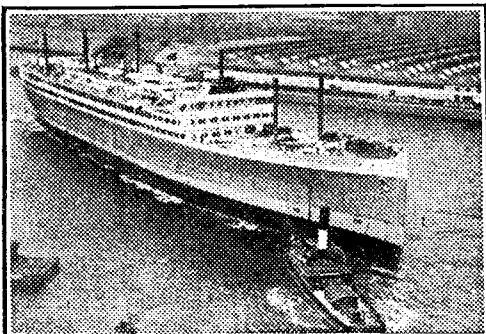
The Zoo Elephant Helps His Keeper—The baby African elephant at the London Zoo is here seen assisting his keeper by sweeping up the ground in his home



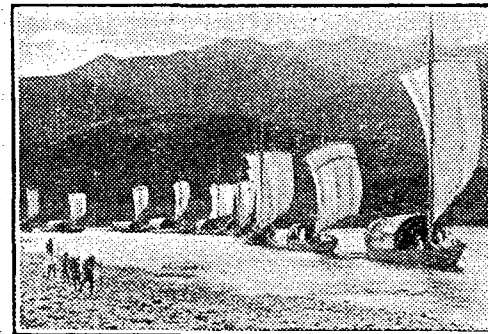
The Peacock Pedlar of Bombay—A peacock pedlar in the streets of Bombay with his birds roosting on a pole carried on his turbaned head. The man on the right of the picture is the pedlar's porter, or assistant, and helps him to look after the birds. It will be seen that the peacocks are wearing hoods



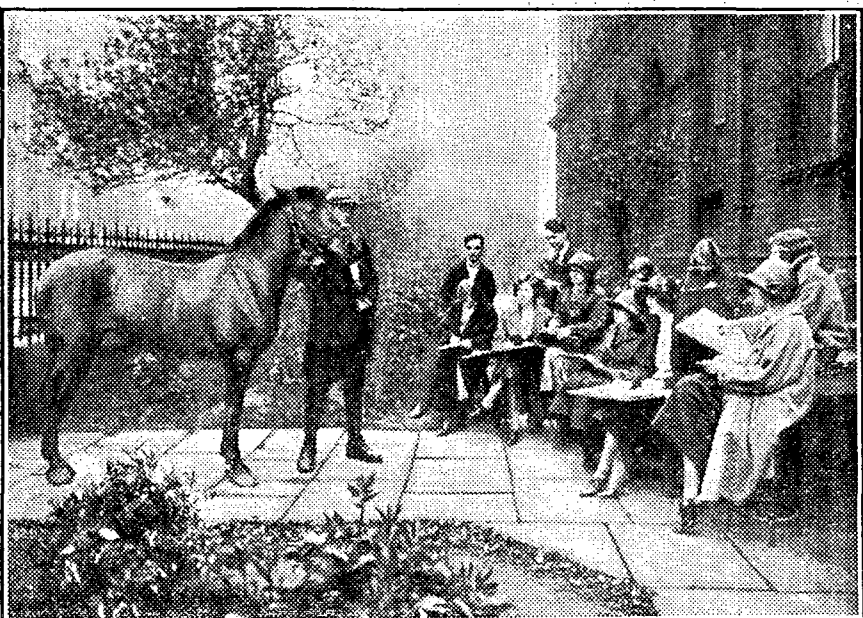
The Fox Cub Takes a Look Round—An interesting snapshot of a fox cub which was unconscious of the camera man behind him as he looked round



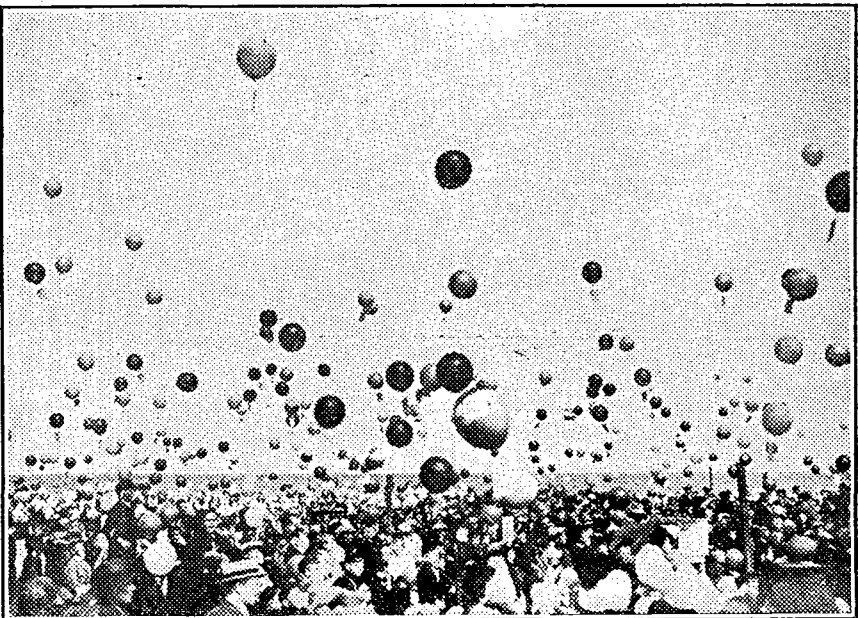
Largest Motor-Ship Afloat—The Aorangi, built for the Pacific service of the Union Steamship Company of New Zealand, a 22,000-ton liner with Diesel engines, is the largest motor-ship afloat



The Transport Problem in China—Sailing boats on the Hwei River, near Sian-Chi, in China. The men on the left are pulling ropes attached to the masts and thus helping the boats over shallow places



The Horse Goes to School—The members of an art class at a Bradford school drawing pictures of a horse from a living model which had been brought into the school grounds for the purpose



The Children's Balloon Race—A great race of toy balloons at Volendam, in Holland. The picture shows the balloons being released amid great excitement as the starting pistol is fired

THE SURPRISE THAT CAME FROM THE YORKSHIRE MOORS—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST

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